

# COUNTRY LIFE

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MME. LALLIE CHARLES,

*THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL.*

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

## WHEAT AND TIMBER.

MAJOR CRAIGIE'S paper read before the British Association at Winnipeg recently on the wheat supply of the world will remind many what an admirable statistician was lost to the Board of Agriculture on his retirement from it. The figures he adduced showed that a dramatic race is taking place between the increase of the wheat-producing soil of the world and the increase in population. It has been a struggle of varying fortune. Between 1870 and 1884 there was a great advance in the area of wheat-producing soil, but this was followed by a serious check, to be followed again by a subsequent advance, though one less than that of the bread consumers of the world. This struggle must in the end be won by population, but Major Craigie does not take such a pessimistic view as Professor Crookes did of the immediate occurrence of scarcity. Russia, Argentina, Canada, Manchuria, the Basins of the Tigris and Euphrates, the irrigated plains of India and the table-lands of Central Africa are furnishing supplies of wheat to make up the deficiency in what were previously the chief sources from which we imported. On the other hand, millions of Oriental consumers are springing into existence, and on the whole there seems little reason to expect that wheat will fall to any great extent below its present price. There is more likelihood that it will rise steadily in the future.

The question is one of very wide importance, and ought to be considered along with the problem laid before the British Association by Professor Somerville. This well-known authority on forestry showed how the consumption of timber has been increasing during the last five years in Great Britain and Germany, while Sweden has been over-cutting her forests and her exports of timber have been decreasing. In Great Britain the growing scarcity is reflected in the price, which for the last fifteen years has for the best class of timber risen by 28 per cent. The general increase amounts to much more. Great Britain paid twenty-seven millions sterling for wood per annum on the average of the five years 1904 to 1908, as compared with eighteen millions on the average of the years 1898 to 1903, an increase of 50 per cent. Moreover, it is more

than doubtful if other countries can maintain their present supply for any great length of time. Although Germany has twelve times as much forest land as Great Britain she imports timber of the value of about twelve millions annually. The great timber-producing countries of Europe are Sweden and Russia. In the former the over-cutting to which we have referred amounts to more than a hundred million cubic feet annually, and the supply from Russia is a steadily diminishing one. Russia has been compelled to reduce her exports. In the United States the Department of Agriculture has frequently directed attention to the wasteful and prodigal extent to which forests are being used up, and, according to the Washington experts, unless a different policy be pursued, in a very few years the United States will be compelled to import timber. There are only two regions in the world which contain sufficient areas of virgin timber to exercise an appreciable effect on the outlook. Canada in the North-West and also to the north and east of Lake Superior still has great tracts of virgin forest. The growing stock of large stretches of country west of the Rocky Mountains is large, and, as Professor Somerville pointed out, is exercising an appreciable influence on the market supplies. Another region from which the timber of the future may come is Siberia. But the forests there are thinner than those of Europe and America, and there is a difficulty about bringing them to market. The navigation of the Arctic Ocean is too dangerous to be undertaken for timber cargoes so long as prices remain at anything like their present level, and it is not practicable at present to carry it along the Trans-Siberian Railway. An attempt is being made to supply the demands of China, Japan and Australia by floating timber down such rivers as the Amur, that empty into the Pacific. Thus, after all possible allowance has been made for future developments, there is no escape from the prospect of a considerable scarcity of timber. Professor Somerville drew the moral that we ought to set about afforestation with all available promptitude and energy. The landowner, however, may be pardoned for considering the question from the view of wheat production. If he is convinced that wheat will yield him in the future greater returns than it has done in the past, he would be obviously foolish to plant with trees land that would give a better return in cereals. Twenty years ago he would probably have listened much more sympathetically to Professor Somerville; but the changes that have taken place in the trend of prices have made it clear that afforestation should be effected only on lands that are incapable of yielding profitable farm crops.

This is exactly the conclusion at which Professor Somerville arrives. He discounts every possible occurrence that may affect the price of timber. They do not amount to much. No effective substitutes have yet been found for wood. He referred to the rumour of sugar-cane stalks becoming useful in paper-making, and to the fact that concrete and iron are occasionally used in the place of timber, but the extent is not sufficient to prevent the demand for timber continuing to grow. He did however, suggest certain precautionary measures. In some parts of the United States more care might be taken to prevent the destruction of timber by forest fires, and the settler might be taught to understand that in the trees which he has to clear away he possesses a valuable asset, so that the hewing down, which he has been accustomed to regard as the first step towards civilisation, may be checked. In this country what we can do is to replant such areas as have been cleared of timber and utilise all lands which are suitable for silviculture but not remunerative for ordinary farming. One obvious moral he fails to draw; that is that, owing to the combined rise in the prices of wheat and timber, the value of land in a country such as ours is bound to become greatly enhanced within the course of a few years. Already it is showing most unquestionable signs of going up in value, and the increase may, owing to the causes we have mentioned, be reckoned upon to continue. Of course, no one can speak absolutely of the future, and where land is concerned many surprises have been afforded during the last fifty years; but as far as human reckoning goes, the course we have outlined is at least the most probable one.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Clonmell. The Countess of Clonmell is the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Berridge of Toft Hill, Rugby, and her marriage to the Earl of Clonmell took place in 1901.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

SIR WILLIAM ANSON'S account of the proceedings taken under the Small Holdings Act of 1907 at Charney, in the Abingdon division of Berkshire, deserves the close attention of Lord Carrington. If the facts are correctly stated they amount to a public scandal. Sir William states that the county council have purchased "almost in its entirety" the village and two adjoining farms for the purposes of the Act. The tenants of these two holdings are under notice to leave at Michaelmas. One holds about 500 acres and has been the chief employer of labour in the village of Charney. In the words of Sir William Anson, "So far as one can see on September 29th some twenty-six families with their worldly goods will be turned on to the roadside." This farmer has been in the same place for a quarter of a century, and is characterised as being "an excellent farmer." He has taken another holding and will be able to find employment for one or two of his old men, but the majority will be thrown out of work. He describes as far worse the case of the old people. Some are past work and some "able to do a little work," and only managing to struggle on with the aid of the Old Age Pension and a low-rented cottage.

It is, of course, possible that the Department of Agriculture will be able to give a different colour to this statement. At any rate, we do not wish to pass judgment on a case of which only one side has been presented; but Sir William Anson is not in the position of an irresponsible and anonymous newspaper correspondent. He is not only a Member of Parliament, but one of tried character and high attainment. What he says cannot possibly be ignored. The country has a right to know whether the policy of the Government is to permit the turning out of men who have proved themselves capable tillers of the soil in order to make room for others whose work for a long time to come must be of a purely experimental character. An analogous case would occur if the Government suppressed a very large shop in order to set going twenty or thirty smaller shops. Were they to do this their proceedings would meet with an immediate and angry public protest. Yet the land is purely a factory for the manufacture of food, and it seems as unjust as it is certainly unwise to dispossess those who are carrying on the work well in order to make room for those whose success is problematical.

An uncomfortable feeling of anxiety crosses the mind like a cloud at the intelligence of a fire having occurred on the roof of York Minster. Happily, little damage was done, but the incident reminds us how easily the most cherished national possessions might be swept away. In this case, as has so often occurred before, the responsible persons were plumbers. The suggestion is that the wind blew the flame from a lamp they were using and caused it to ignite some inflammable material on the roof, which, in its turn, set fire to the beams. The hydrants which are kept in the Minster were quickly made use of, but as it was impossible to see what hold the fire had upon the roof, the water was prodigally used, and poured down the walls and pillars, dislodging a mural tablet, but otherwise doing no injury. The accident shows how advisable it is to take special precautions when plumbers are at work.

The First came with a flood of sunshine and a weather forecast to remind us of the old adage, "a wet June, a dry September." Welcome as the sign may be, it did not tempt an unusual number of sportsmen to the field. A season like this tempts them more to reflect on the possible advantages of postponing the opening day. Naturally the partridge is a late nester and the wet June played havoc with so many young broods that, even in the North, where the supply is more plentiful than in the South, there are still many "cheepers." In any case, shooting is out of the question as long as the cereal crops are standing uncut as they still are, even in many of what are usually early districts. This year the opening must perforce be delayed, and there is much to be said in favour of putting it back permanently.

Sir Walter Gilbey has forwarded to us his annual appeal in favour of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. It is very appropriate that clergymen should devote to this deserving charity the offerings made at harvest thanksgivings, and we are sorry that last year showed a falling off in the sum derived from these collections, though to set against it there was a satisfactory increase in the annual subscriptions. At the present moment there are on the books of the Institution 131 married couples, besides 249 male and 631 female pensioners. They are maintained at a cost of £23,206 per year. As great pains are taken to see that only the old and ailing and needful derive benefit from the funds, there need be no hesitation in recommending Sir Walter Gilbey's appeal to the notice of our readers.

In the course of the discussion on the Housing and Town Planning Bill, Mr. John Burns made a delightful digression, the subject of which was what he called the nine days' tourist to the Continent of Europe. It is very much the fashion for visitors to London to dwell on the striking contrast between the very rich in the West End and the poor in the East End; but Mr. Burns, who claims to know the heights of Montmartre and Belle Vue as well as he knows the elevation of Lavender Hill, says that the nine days' tourist makes a very superficial survey of Paris and Berlin, and is too easily impressed by "a few more flowers, a little whitewash, a little stucco, and more artistic treatment of frontages." He asked if they knew the "black quarters" of Paris and Berlin, and suggested that they took Unter den Linden as a sample of one town, and the Champs-Élysées as a sample of the other. The test he applies is that of the death-rate. That of Paris ranges between 18 and 20 per 1,000; while that of London, which is twice the size of Paris, is about 13·8 per 1,000, or from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. lower. He also took the deaths from consumption, and arrived at the conclusion that it was not altogether to the advantage of the people to be "dossiered and archived and examined almost out of their houses and their boots."

### THE LITTLE WEE LAD.

As I travelled the road at the fall of the night  
With the glimmering boglands to left and to right,  
I heard him sing loud through the whispering dark,  
The little wee lad with the voice of a lark.

He never is silent by night or by day,  
But still he is singing at work and at play,  
And as his glad notes o'er the heather go winging  
They set all the sorrowful solitudes singing.

The wind in the grass and the lark in the sky  
And the pattering rain to his music reply,  
And the clouds and the streams and the mountains are glad  
To hear the sweet song of the little wee lad.

O folk of the city, so proud and uplifted!  
You sing from your lips, be you never so gifted,  
From his heart he sings out in the daylight and dark,  
The little wee lad with the voice of the lark.

ROBIN FLOWER.

Those who are tempted to relieve the unemployed tramp at the present moment will do well to reflect that in many districts farmers are utterly unable to obtain as much casual labour as they want. In some counties, as, for example, Lincolnshire, Mid-Oxfordshire and Kent, the corn has been laid so badly that the reapers are useless, and it has to be cut by hand. Men, women and even children have all been called into requisition, and still farmers complain that they have not enough workers. Moreover, in this variable weather it is essential that advantage should be taken of every opportunity for stacking the crop, and here again casual help is much needed. The able-bodied tramp, therefore, when met in the country, may confidently be recommended to ask for work at the farms. If he is willing to undertake it he is assured of good wages in return.

Is it a good thing to allow local authorities to vary the general law by bye-laws? A very suggestive example is given



under the Crab and Lobster Act, 1877. The Act has been in force over thirty years, and we are not aware that the fisheries are one bit the better for it; the same old complaints are made, the same reasons are given why the fisheries do not really improve. But it may be doubted whether the fisheries will ever improve if the present method of management is continued. The East Coast of England is not so very large a tract of country, yet the law as to crabs there is quite different from the law as to crabs on the West and South. If it is right to prohibit the capture of crabs for bait of less width than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. on the South Coast, why is it not required on the East? If in Lancashire crabs of under 5 in. should not be caught, why in the adjoining districts of Cumberland is the minimum size  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., not 5 in.? If in the Northumberland district berried lobster may not be taken from April to July, why in the adjoining district may they be so taken, but not between September 1st and January 31st? There may be some explanation of these anomalies, but it is not obvious to the outsider.

The new annual list of the close seasons for salmon on the different rivers in the United Kingdom sent out by the Fishmongers' Company shows that it is no easy thing to say when salmon can be legally sold. The English law allows the sale of salmon in England during the English close time if the fish was caught at a place where its capture by net was legal. It is very difficult to say at what places the capture is legal; but as except in December there is fishing open in some rivers all the year round, it is never safe to say that salmon exposed for sale during the close time is illegally exposed. The difficulties do not end here. In England and Scotland the close season is for all nets, whether tidal or fresh-water. In Ireland, in some cases, the close time for tidal nets differs from the close time for fresh-water nets. The European countries from which we get a supply of salmon for the English market are Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Iceland, Norway and Switzerland, and all the seven have different close times. The difficulties are further increased in that there is a different close time in Holland for large and small nets, and in Norway a different close time in the sea and in the rivers. With all these points to be considered it would be impossible for the ordinary man to say when salmon may be legally sold, and with all the tangle of enactments and the difficulties of fact it speaks volumes for what the Fishmongers' Company are doing to find that they are able to prosecute successfully in cases where clean fresh salmon are illegally sold during the English annual close time.

Judging by some recently reported correspondence, it seems that the conclusion may have been drawn a little prematurely that fish in a river are seriously affected by any of the tar-coating of the roads washing into the rivers in a storm of rain. Experiments have been made in the way of keeping fish in confinement in a tank which was floored with a coat of tar, and the fish were not "one penny the worse." It is true that the experiment itself hardly seems conclusive. To prove it satisfactorily, great care should be taken that the chemical in the water is virtually identical in character with that which the rain washes from the roads, and it is likely enough that what might injure a delicate fish such as a trout might do no harm to coarser kinds.

A catch of five and a-quarter millions is stupendous. It was taken at Grimsby on Monday, when a hundred and five drifters landed catches averaging fifty crans, one boy named George Banff getting no fewer than a hundred and eighty crans. This must have been a welcome piece of luck for the Grimsby fishermen, who did not have the best of fortune with the deep-sea-fishing during the past winter. It would appear that the herring, which is so capricious in its comings and goings, is favouring the East Coast, as we have heard of excellent catches occurring as far North as the South Coast of Scotland, though, on the other hand, boats have been out for three days at a time without getting into contact with a shoal. There seems to have been no difficulty in disposing of the Grimsby fish, the greater portion of which were sold to German curers.

Visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall at Vincent Square on Tuesday last were afforded an opportunity of seeing two most interesting exhibits of grapes. One of these consisted of a dozen bunches cut from the famous old vine at Hampton Court, which is now 141 years old. They were shown by His Majesty the King. Notwithstanding the great age of this vine, these bunches averaged 3 lb. each in weight and the berries were ripened to perfection, possessing that uniform black colour which denotes the well-finished Black Hamburgh grape. The other exhibit came from the Society's gardens at Wisley and consisted of twenty-three varieties, represented by a total of forty-six bunches. Many of these were varieties not often met with, and as they had

all been grown in the same temperature from the commencement the exhibit was of more than usual interest. In addition to the grapes two splendid groups of fruit trees in pots were shown by other exhibitors, the plums and peaches grown in this manner being of very high quality indeed.

Those who have been on the Continent lately cannot but have been struck with the extraordinary public interest which has been manifested in aviation. The week at Rheims has been generally regarded as an event of the very highest importance, and has stimulated the leader-writers in French and German newspapers to most unusual flights of poetic description. There seems at last a fair chance that the people of this country will be able to witness a similar exhibition. MM. Blériot and Latham have been approached with a view to arranging a contest in the air between them at Wembley Park some time in October, and as they are both of them willing to come it may fairly be hoped that such differences as are in the way will not be found insurmountable. M. Blériot, owing to his accident at Rheims, is at a considerable disadvantage; but in the event of his not being able to perform, Mr. Henry Farman, the winner of the Grand Prix de la Champagne, may be able to take his place. For next year Baron de Forest has offered a prize of £4,000 to be awarded to the aviator who, on a British-made machine, shall fly the longest distance from England to the Continent.

#### ON THE SOUTH COAST.

Through the pale streets of this long wind-swept town,  
Leaning towards a sullen stormy sea,  
I watch the changeless gray of coast and down . . .  
Only that now you come no more to me.

You come no more . . . I watch the white dawn wake  
Pallid and faint beyond the windy hills,  
As, one by one, the trembling stars forsake  
A sky all gold with hue of daffodils.

The tireless gulls are wheeling overhead,  
Their sharp shrill cries are borne upon the air,  
The trawlers pass with heavy sails outspread  
Into the gray sea-mists and vanish there.

I watch the sea and sky . . . the dim sad scene  
Cleft by the flashing wings . . . and as of old  
I dream you come . . . just where the houses lean  
Against a sky of broken rose and gold.

I wait . . . and as in days remote and sweet  
The world waits too . . . all hushed and stilled and dumb . . .  
I hear the faint dream-echo of your feet . . .  
And then remember that you cannot come. . . .

ISABEL CLARKE.

Everyone who has given even the most cursory attention to the subject must be delighted to see Lord Cromer's statement in regard to the increased efficiency and funds with which the researches of the School of Tropical Medicine will now be prosecuted. Chief of the great advances already made, and chief of the branches of this science still requiring immediate investigation and experiment, is that which is concerned with the communication of disease germs by means of insects which are their hosts. While this is a question of paramount importance if large regions of the tropics are to be made habitable by man and the domestic animals essential to his comfort, it is also one which touches us nearer home. It is becoming recognised that though the anopheles mosquito, which is the host of the most deadly germs of any of its kind, has not yet been shown to breed in this country, we have more than one variety of mosquito capable of inflicting a very troublesome wound. Moreover, the communication of disease by flies and other insects has been noted recently in our own columns as well as those of other papers.

We continue, while we may, hoping against hope for the ultimate safety of the Waratah, which has gone astray on the passage between Durban and Cape Town. Among the passengers of that vessel is one for whom very wide-spread regret will be felt if the fate that is feared has overtaken her. This is Colonel Percy Browne, late Master of the Blackmore Vale and before that of the South and West Wilts. Colonel Browne served in the Royals, and some time after leaving the Army went out to South Africa in command of the Dorset Yeomanry, and was with Lord Roberts in the march to Pretoria. There never was a more popular Master of Hounds with all classes of his field, and he had a pleasant way with the farmers that made his hounds welcome in whatever country he was hunting them. He was quite a young man, between forty and fifty, a gallant soldier and fine rider, and a type of the English country gentleman and sportsman in the very best sense of the terms. His brother, Mr. Scott Browne, hunts the pack which is called by his name in West Devon.



# POLLENS.

THE study of the pollen cells of plants is one full of interest to the microscopist, and more particularly so if he combine with his microscope a photographic camera so as to be able to secure records as his investigations proceed. The accompanying photomicrographs have been selected from a large number as examples of various typical forms, and when carefully examined will well serve to indicate the interest that must attach to a methodical study of the subject. Attempts have been made by many to secure highly-magnified pictures of pollens—and in order to observe properly the characters of them a high magnification is needed—since in many instances the pollen dust is so minute that to the unaided eye of man little is perceptible beyond what seem to be a few specks of powder, and the varied shapes and contours are disclosed only when the object is subjected to microscopical investigation. We all know, I assume, what pollen is. Smelling the exquisite scent of several of the larger lilies, the *Lilium auratum*, for example, one may carry away on the tip of the nose a snuff-like powder of red colour, and the discoloured patch that

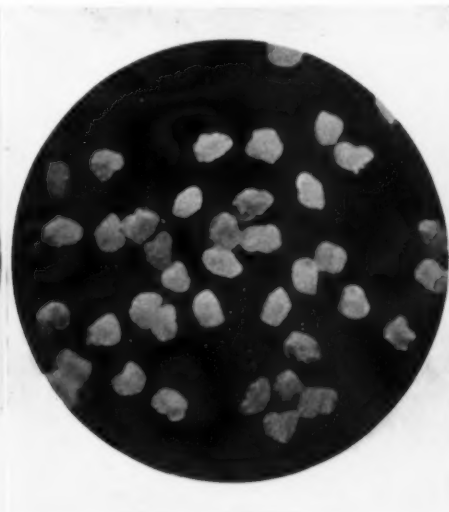
other insects on to the stigma, which is the name given to a portion of the female organs, it begins to swell and then sprouts very much as a potato does in the dark. A slender process called a pollen tube grows from the sprout and gradually insinuates itself between the cells of the structure of the stigma, and, continually elongating, worms its way down the style until it reaches the ovule. In this way fertilisation takes place. To secure specimens upon which to work all that is needed is to pay a visit to a garden or hedgerow with flowers in bloom, armed with half-a-dozen clean glass slips and a pocket magnifying glass and collect material for our purpose. The right moment at which to take the pollen must be selected. With practice this becomes an easy matter, for it is only at a certain period of the life of the flower that the pollen cells are at their best for examination. If too early one finds them immature and not ready to part company with the anther, and, again, if we delay till the female portion of the flower has been already impregnated we are too late to obtain a typical specimen. Pollen dust is generally of a whitish colour, but in some plants—the *Lilium auratum* and the



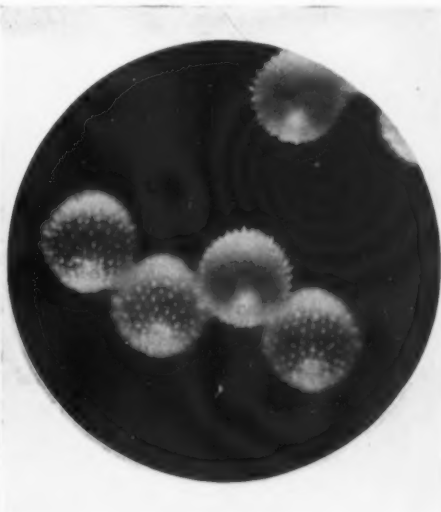
HOLLYHOCK.



PANSY.



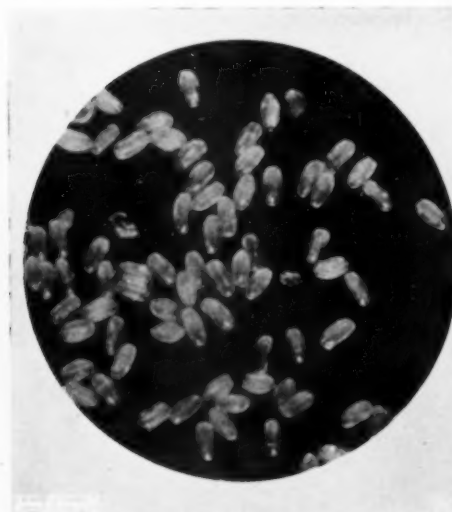
PURPLE HEATHER.



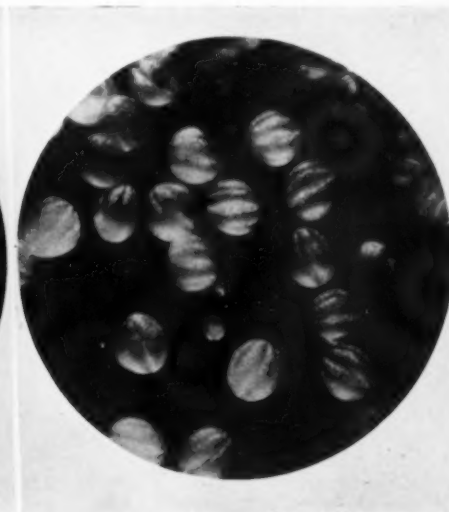
MALLOW.

we have removed from the interior of the bloom is in fact the pollen. Pollen is found only upon the anthers (the male organs) of fully blown flowers, and its function is that by its action on the female element of the plant fertile fruits are produced. When a ripe pollen grain falls or is carried by the wind or by bees or

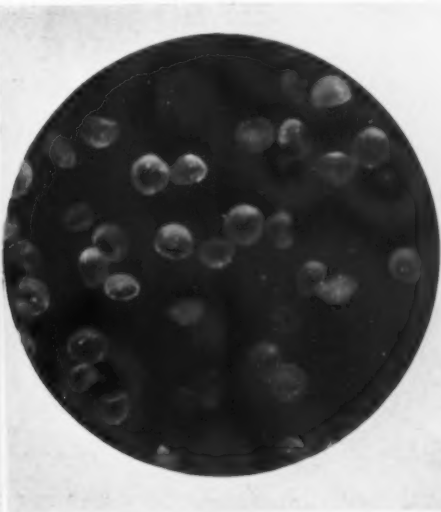
wild rose, for instance—the pollen grains are of an orange or red colour. This is a matter of considerable importance when a photograph of these deeply-coloured varieties is to be taken, for an ordinary photographic plate is but little sensitive to these colours. Should such a plate be employed, it will be found



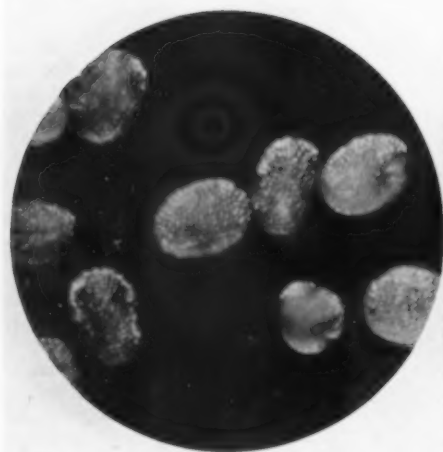
COMMON ASH.



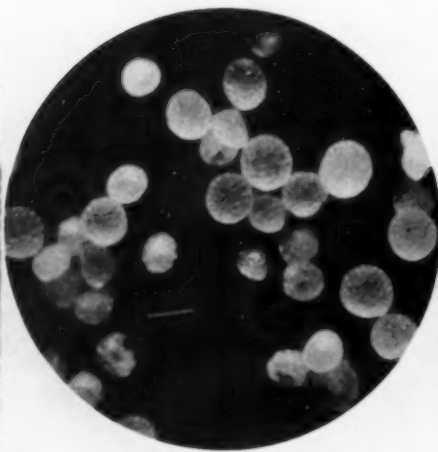
BERGAMOT.



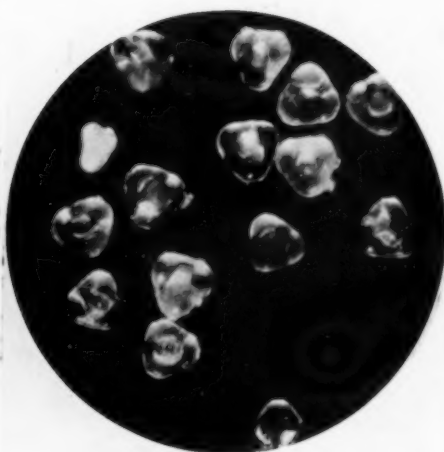
ELM.



OAK-LEAVED GERANIUM.



PERENNIAL PHLOX.



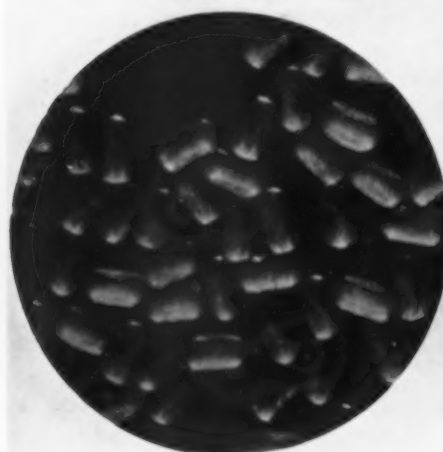
EVENING PRIMROSE.

necessary to increase greatly the amount of exposure to ensure getting an at all useful negative.

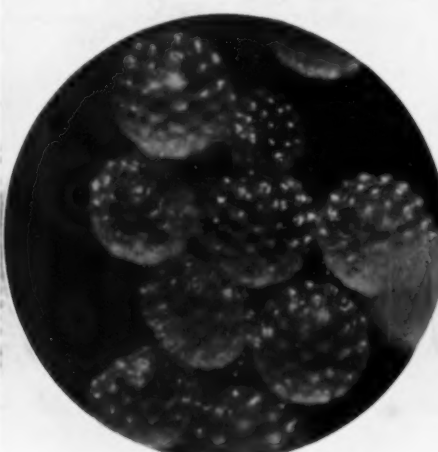
Pollen cells are sometimes mounted as permanent microscopic specimens after being subjected to the action of clarifying solutions, but the better process is simply to dust on the glass slips the pollen grains without any admixture of re-agents or mounting solution, for then, by *reflected* light, a true and

213 diameters, has been employed, and in this way the sizes of the various varieties can be compared.

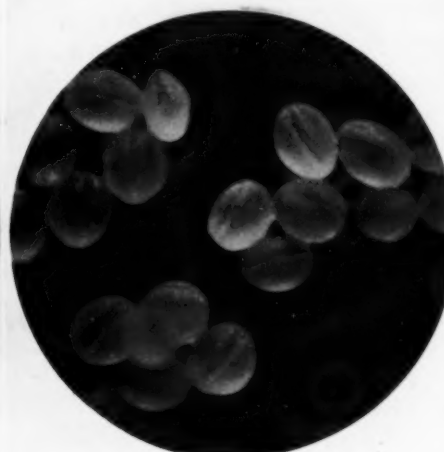
The size of the plant or flower does not apparently in any way affect the size of the pollen grains. In the examples pictured, note the large size of the grains in the comparatively small flower of the pansy and compare them with the small grains found in the case of the large elm and ash trees. Roughly



SWEET PEA.



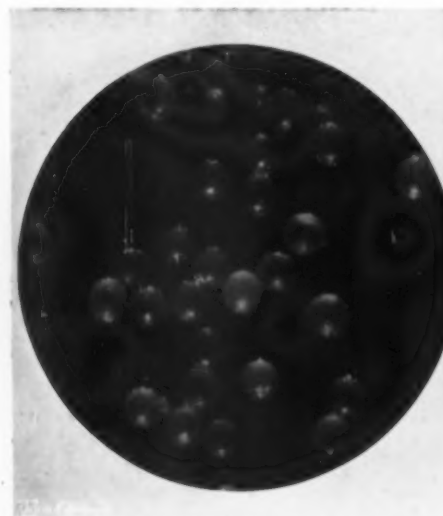
COBÆA SCANDENS.



PLUMBAGO.

undistorted view as regards shape and rotundity, both of which features are destroyed when the grains are treated with solutions or subjected to the slight pressure of the cover glass, can be secured. In the specimens selected for illustration, with the exception of the first illustration, of hollyhock pollen, which is multiplied by 90 diameters, the same amount of magnification,

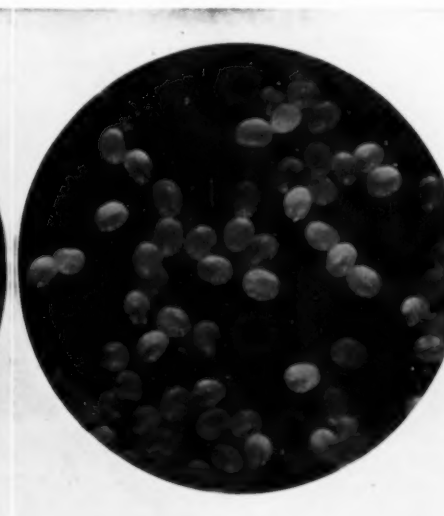
speaking, the pollen of plants of the same natural order have a certain resemblance; for example, in the case of the hollyhock and mallow, both of which belong to the Malvacean order, the spherical form with prickly surface is found, while in the Liliacean order the ovate shape and dotted surface are both very typical. Pollen grains are in shape wonderfully diverse and



CANTERBURY BELL.

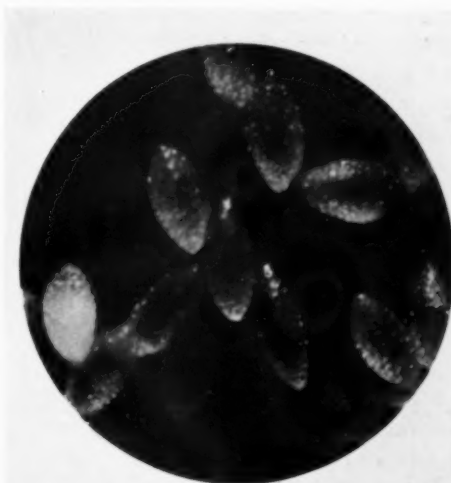


SPANISH IRIS.

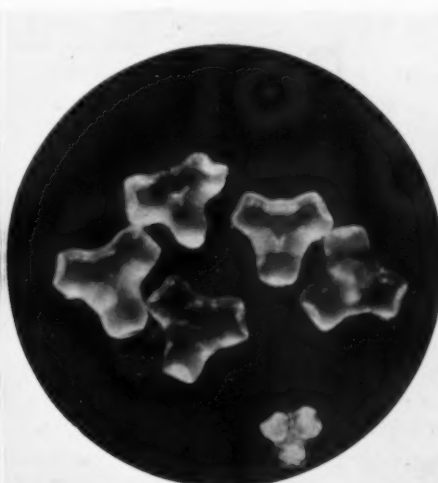


PRIVET.

afford an endless variety of beautiful forms; and I venture to remark that no one who for the first time examines the magnified pictures can fail to be surprised at the multiplicity of their size, shape and general conformation. In some cases the exterior of the cells is smooth and in others the outer wall will be seen to be covered with small spikes or decorated with stripes and belts, while in others, again, the surface of the outer coat is covered with a network of dots. The spiked form is seen to greatest advantage in the pollens of the mallow tribe, and these little projections, which raise the body of the grain above a level surface, may possibly facilitate the passage of the pollen on its way to the stigma. The beltings on the surface, again, are worthy of notice. In some instances—the pansy, bergamot and plumbago, for example—the belts run along the long diameter of the grains, whereas in the salvia pollen they take the short diameter of the oval. The irregular nondescript shape of the pollen of the heaths is well shown in the picture of



HYACINTH CANDICANS.



CLARKIA.



GLADIOLUS.

the pollen of the purple heather. The accompanying photographs are from negatives by the writer, and are selected from a series exhibited by him in May last before the Royal Society of London.

GEORGE H. RODMAN.

## AGRICULTURE.

### THISTLES.

**A**PROPOS of the leading article in last week's issue dealing with weeds, the belief is strongly held by a large number of farmers that creeping thistles do not propagate themselves by seeding, but do so entirely by root growth. It cannot be too widely known that this is not the case. The creeping thistle, like all, or most, other plants, produces seed, and this germinates and grows just like the seed of any other plant. At the same time, it is not so lavish in its production of seed as the spear thistle (known also as the burr or Scotch thistle), and this may perhaps account for the opinion above-mentioned. It is also considered by many agriculturists that the creeping thistle should not be cut until about August, because they think there is a greater probability of the lower part of the stalk and the root rotting when cut at that time than if done earlier in the season. But this is also wrong. The stalks and leaves are the plant's machinery for manufacturing food for the roots, to enable them to produce foliage in succeeding years. The process of manufacture and storage of the food in the roots goes on during the summer, and is practically completed before August. If, therefore, cutting is delayed until then, the stable door is being locked after the horse is stolen, for the roots are already provided with the wherewithal for the following season's growth. The proper method of dealing with this variety of thistle on old grasslands is to aim at exhausting the vitality of the roots and so causing death. This can only be done by preventing, as far as possible, the growth of stalks and leaves and so stopping the food supply. This implies cutting early and cutting often. Of course, I know quite well from my own experience that this is very difficult, and often impossible, for one is unable, in many cases, to cut the thistles sufficiently close without, at the same time, cutting the grass, and that cannot be afforded. At the same time, it is useful to know on what lines to work, and if the desired result cannot be attained in all cases, it may be possible to deal specially with badly infested fields with a view to eradication there. J. C.

### RAM-BREEDING.

EVERY year fresh ram-breeders appear on the market, but comparatively few find it a lucrative business. With sheep, as with all pedigree stock, it is much easier to breed females that are true to type and of correct conformation than males. It takes several years for a ram-breeder to establish a reputation which will enable him to command high prices for his sheep. Our most noted sheep-breeders in the past, such as Bakewell, Elliman and Jonas Webb, were tenant farmers, and all sheep-men will acknowledge that Henry Dudding, John Treadwell, James Flower, W. T. Garne, Herbert E. Smith, the brothers Hobbs and other tenant-farmers too numerous to mention, are our most celebrated ram-breeders of the present day.

### AMATEUR BREEDERS.

Here and there a landowner has made himself famous in the sheep world; but when this is the case one always finds that his reputation was gained at a time when some agent or farm steward who understood the business of ram-breeding was in his employ. The extent to which it is necessary to colour and trim sheep for exhibition nowadays has caused many agriculturists, whose enthusiasm was greater than their knowledge,

to assume that the whole secret of success was the possession of a head-shepherd who was a proficient barber. I can recall numerous cases where most highly-paid head-shepherds have been engaged, where the most costly rams and ewes have been purchased and where no expense has been spared in feeding and attending to the sheep, with the only result that every £1 won as prize-money at agricultural shows has cost £10 to obtain, and the business of ram-breeding has been dropped as too expensive a hobby.

### THE "SHOW SHEPHERD."

As often as not the head-shepherd of a pedigree flock on a home farm is all-wed far too much power. His employer is not practical enough to know when to check a show-shepherd's insatiable craving for "more cake" for the sheep, and in due course the ewe flock is stuffed with this costly artificial food nearly all the year round; and the rams are "housed" and receive even a more costly diet. This excessive feeding, besides being expensive, is injurious to breeding-sheep. Such a shepherd considers nothing but the best of the grass, clovers, roots and hay good enough for his flock, and usually, if the farm bailiff is bold enough to thwart the demands of the head-shepherd, the latter for ever afterwards attributes any deaths or mishaps in the flock to the fact that he is not allowed supreme control. To be a successful ram-breeder a man must not only understand the rearing and management of sheep, but he must be an expert judge; and although a skilled head-shepherd is always employed by the most practical ram-breeders, yet the master's guiding hand can invariably be traced in the management of the flock. Our most celebrated ram-breeders seem always to have fixed in their mind their ideal sire, and to endeavour, by selection and judicious mating, to attain to as near as possible what they consider perfection. No two ram-breeders, however, seem to aim at precisely the same ideal. I consider that differences of opinion as to the ideal type are not detrimental to any breed, but rather act as a safeguard in that they prevent individual breeders from carrying any fad in breeding too far. W.

### HARVESTING BARLEY.

While the modern practice of binding barley and setting it up in shocks like wheat has great advantages over the old system of mowing with the scythe and carting loose, it is attended with far greater danger of heating in the stack and thus spoiling the grain for malting purposes. In a moist growing season like the present, the difficulty is greatly increased by the presence of a rampant growth of clover and weeds, and when these are lightly bound in the sheaves with the self-binder, the crop requires many days between cutting and stacking, otherwise there will certainly be trouble. I once had a large stack of good barley ruined by premature carting, from quite a different cause. It was when the self-binders had just come into use. There was no clover or other green stuff present, and the barley seemed in capital order. The stack contained 60qr. and heated tadly simply from sap in the knots of the straw which was tightly bound together by the machine. When there is the slightest suspicion of dampness it is an excellent plan to send a man forward to throw down the shocks with their butts to the sun for a few hours before carting. Beware also of using the binder too early in the morning or late in the evening when there is any dew. A. T. M.



## THE ROCK-POOL.

## I.

Bright as a fallen fragment of the sky,  
Mid shell-encrusted rocks the sea-pool shone,  
Glassing the sunset-clouds in its clear heart,  
A small enchanted world en-walled apart  
In diamond mystery,  
Content with its own dreams, its own strict zone  
Of urchin woods, its fairy bights and bars,  
Its daisy-dieked anemones and rose-feathered stars.

## II.

Forsaken for a while by that deep roar  
Which works in storm and calm the Eternal will,  
Drags down the cliffs, bids the great hills go by  
And shepherds their multitudinous pageantry,—  
Here, on this ebb-tide shore  
A jewelled bath of beauty, sparkling still,  
The little sea-pool smiled away the sea  
And slept on its own plane of bright tranquillity.

## III.

A self-sufficing soul, a pool in trance,  
Un-stirred by all the spirit-winds that blow  
From o'er the gulfs of change, content, ere yet  
On its own crags, which rough peaked limpets fret  
The last rich colours glance,  
Content to mirror the sea-bird's wings of snow,  
Or feel in some small creek, ere sunset fails,  
A tiny Nautilus hoist its lovely purple sails;

## IV.

And, furrowing into pearl that rosy bar,  
Sail its own soul from fairy fringe to fringe,  
Lured by the twinkling prey 'twas born to reach  
In its own pool, by many an elfin beach  
Of jewels, adventuring far  
Through the last mirrored cloud and sunset-tinge  
And past the rainbow-dripping cave where lies  
The dark green pirate-crab at watch with beaded eyes.

## V.

The fringed Medusa floats like light in light,  
Medusa, with the loveliest of all fays  
Pent in its irised bubble of jellied sheen,  
Trailing long ferns of moon-light, shot with green  
And crimson rays and white,  
Waving ethereal tendrils, ghostly sprays,  
Daring the deep, dissolving in the sun,  
The vanishing point of life, the light whence life begun.

## VI.

Poised between life, light, time, eternity,  
So tinged with all, that in its delicate brain  
Kindling it as a lamp with her bright wings  
Day-long, night-long, young Ariel sits and sings  
Echoing the lucid sea,  
Listening it echo her own unearthly strain,  
Watching through lucid walls the world's rich tide  
One light, one substance with her own, rise and subside.

## VII.

And over soft brown woods, limpid, serene,  
Puffing its fans the Nautilus went its way,  
And from a hundred salt and weedy shelves  
Peered little hornéd faces of sea-elves:  
The prawn darted, half-seen,  
Thro' watery sunlight, like a pale green ray,  
And all around, from soft green waving bowers,  
Creatures like fruit out-crept from fluted shells like flowers.

## VIII.

And, over all, that glowing mirror spread  
The splendour of its heaven-reflecting gleams,  
A level wealth of tints, calm as the sky  
That broods above our own mortality:  
The temporal seas had fled,  
And ah, what hopes, what fears, what mystic dreams  
Could ruffle it now from any deeper deep?  
Content in its own bounds, it slept a changeless sleep.

## IX.

Suddenly, from that heaven beyond belief,  
Suddenly, from that world beyond its ken,  
Dashing great billows o'er its rosy bars  
Shivering its dreams into a thousand stars,  
Flooding each sun-dried reef  
With waves of colour (as once, for mortal men  
Bethesda's angel), with blue eyes, wide and wild,  
Naked into the pool there stepped a little child.

## X.

Her red-gold hair against the far green sea  
Blew thickly out: her slender rosy form  
Shone dark against the richly waning West  
As with one hand she splashed her glistening breast,  
Then waded up to her knee  
And frothed the whole pool into a fairy storm! . . .  
So, stooping through our skies, of old, there came  
Angels that once could set this world's dark pool a-flame,

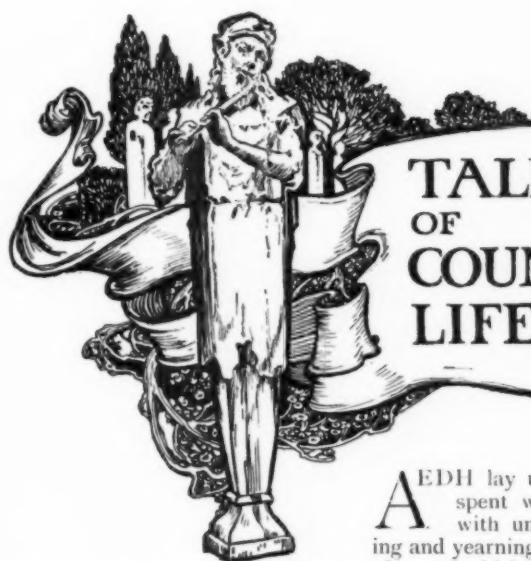
## XI.

From which the seas of faith have ebbed away,  
Leaving the lonely shore too bright, too bare,  
While mirrored softly in the smooth wet sand  
A deeper sunset sees its blooms expand  
But all too phantom-fair,  
Between the dark brown rocks and sparkling spray  
Where the low ripples pleaded, shrank and sighed,  
And tossed a moment's rainbow heavenward ere they died.

## XII.

Stoop, starry souls, incline to this dark coast,  
Where all too long, too faithlessly, we dream,  
Stoop to the world's dark pool, its crags and scars  
Its yellow sands, its rosy harbour-bars,  
And soft green wastes that gleam  
But with some glorious drifting god-like ghost  
Of cloud, some vaguely passionate crimson stain:  
Read the blue waves of heaven, shatter our sleep again!

ALFRED NOYES.



## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

A E D H.

BY  
F. J. S.



A E D H lay upon his face, spent with watching, with unsatisfied longing and yearning for the power of song which had not as yet

been granted to him. His form was wasted, his cheek pale; the night winds sighed and wept around him, the thunder rolled; but he cared not for all this.

"Give me a voice," he cried. "Oh my Beloved, let me see thee; let me sing of thy beauty or die."

A hand touched him, and a voice, soft as the murmur of a fountain, said, "Arise and behold me."

He stood upon his feet, and a fresh current of life seemed poured into his throbbing veins; but the glory of the vision made him fall low on his knees before her. Never, until now, had he beheld her unveiled. Wrapped in thin clouds of morning he had traced the outline of her shadowy loveliness; in a flash of lightning her white hand had been revealed to him; on the shores of the great sea he had, painfully and with tears, traced the print of her delicate foot. But now she stood before him, and he dared to look into those eyes which, even veiled by drooping lashes, are brighter than mortal sight can long endure.

"I have seen thy patience," she said. "I know thy love. I will give thee power to see me at will, and a voice to convert the world by singing my praise. I will place upon thy forehead such a star as I bear upon my own, by which thou wilt be known to my little band of singers. All this will I give thee and higher delights than imagination can paint if thou canst bear the yoke of my service."

"I will bear anything for thee," he said. "What pain can be greater than the agony of loving thee without the power to express it?"

"Come then," she said, "and see what I would have thee sing."

She laid her hand upon him and the soft touch bore him through the air.

They visited the lovely scenes where erst he had wept and prayed for a glimpse of her face as she floated past him on a sunbeam.

"I would have thee sing of these mountains, this smiling plain, gloomy valley and boundless sea."

"They have filled my soul with music," he said. "Give me but voice to tell the thoughts that make my heart burn and I shall woo the world to thy service."

"I have other haunts," she said; "thou shalt sing of them too, for I demand that my servants shall work with their full strength; and what I give them must not be wasted." She showed him the palace where Beauty lay in soft repose; the chamber where the pale student burned his nightly lamp and, in dreams of ambition, forgot his poverty and loneliness; the field of battle, where the soldier lightened his watch with thoughts of his beloved; the cradle where innocence smiled under the eyes of watchful love.

"Of all these can I sing," cried Aedh, "if thou wilt touch my lips. Of such scenes have I dreamt night and day."

"There remain still worthier themes than these," said the lady of his love, and a shade of sorrow upon her face deepened its beauty.

Then she showed him a wretched chamber where, by the light of a candle that flickered as the keen wind whistled through the crazy window, a pale girl sat at work. She had been beautiful once, but the cares of abject poverty, the sorrow of temptation, resisted but not unfelt, the pain of to-day and apprehension for to-morrow had wasted the light of youth in her eye and drawn sad lines about her mouth and brow. And ever, as she glanced towards a heap of straw beside her, where a younger girl lay dying, her tears fell fast upon the work she must not lay down, lest increasing want and starvation should hasten what disease was performing with a steady hand.

"The beauty of thy form, oh my Beloved, was never clearer than here," sobbed Aedh, "yet with pain I must sing what thou dost teach."

The dim chamber faded away, and still more painful scenes appeared. Squalid ignorance, brutal vice, childhood with the face of aged cunning, beauty degraded, natural affection crushed out, every form of oppression and wrong, crime, greed and selfishness in high and low, were represented to his aching sight.

Wherever flowers of holy love and pity, humanising charity and sympathy with what was good and pure, appeared among all this misery they seemed to make the surrounding gloom deeper by contrast with their own heavenly light.

"These scenes are not fit themes for song," cried Aedh. "Thy form is dimmed; these distorted images do not represent thy loveliness."

"It is to redress such wrongs as these that I send my servants forth into the world," said the lady, sternly. "Without entire obedience I will have none of thy service. Thou canst already sing with a degree of power, but to express my hidden harmonies is only given to those who obey my hardest behests."

"But why, oh peerless one, must I sing of these ungraceful sights? Why can I not enchant the world with the praise of natural beauty and leave such themes as these to coarser minds?"

"Because upon thee I have bestowed the power of sight which must be thy blessing or thy curse. If, with a coward heart, thou shrinkest from any knightly duty, if faint-hearted or slothful thou canst look upon pain without an effort to succour it, thou shalt lose my most glorious gifts."

"I will obey," cried Aedh. "Place the jewel upon my forehead, give me work to do and I will be faithful."

Then the lady, who holds all purity, goodness and truth in her right hand, all physical beauty and grace in her left, whose eyes beam with heavenly light and whose lips express all sweetness, touched his forehead, and immediately a ray of brightness, like the gleam in a diamond stone, was lighted there.

"If thou art true," she said, "this star will shine for ever." Then she stooped and kissed his lips as he knelt before her.

"By this I give thee power to speak what I will show thee. Be brave, gentle, faithful and self-denying and thou canst not utterly fail. But remember that those who taste the highest pleasures know also the deepest sorrow."

Aedh took his lyre and went forth to wander upon the earth.

He sang in the language he had learnt from his mother, with the voice that his Love had bestowed upon him; and wherever he roamed crowds came to listen to his singing. His fame spread far and wide. Some who heard his song went away the better for it. Others who wept at his sweet and plaintive strains grew tenfold more hard afterwards because they understood and yet would not follow his teaching. Many said they could not understand his strange tongue. Others understood him in part, but asked why he spoke the dialect of an obscure village.

He answered, "Because that is the language of my childhood and of my heart. When I have found another home equally dear I will sing in another tongue."

And one met him who was, like himself, a singer and bore upon his forehead a star of great brilliancy, who, grasping his hand, cried, "Welcome, brother," and explained to the ignorant crowd that what sounded like the dialect of one small village was, in reality, the heart language of every man upon earth.

Others who pretended to be troubadours could discern no beauty in his voice, no star upon his forehead. And some of the listeners turned from Aedh to them, calling their false notes

and stammering words higher music than his mellow tones and the mysterious harmonies of his lyre. Sometimes, wandering in dark and lonely ways, where the stones cut his feet, he suffered from weariness and hunger, bitter cold or scorching heat; but it was then that the voice supernaturally bestowed upon him became sweetest and most powerful, so that no soul in which music dwelt could resist its pleading tones. His themes were various, but through all there ran an undertone of love to the lady who gave him power to express it. Sometimes he sang merrily, and morbid souls called him frivolous; sometimes he chose a minor key to sing the sorrows of the world, the praises of heroic suffering and the necessity of earnest action. But then many of his hearers said, "We cannot bear such hard sayings, sing us a soothing melody." Still he persevered, uttering only such words as were prompted by daily gazing into the face of his Beloved, ever striving after more light and knowledge; and as his reward he enjoyed the constant companionship of glorious visions, he walked upon the winds, and listened to the music of the spheres.

On a certain day a great King sent for Aedh. It was one of his duties never to refuse the expression of his lady's commands to all who would learn them, so he went into the city and stood before the King in his simple dress, waiting for permission to sing.

Now this King was the most powerful the world has ever seen. There was scarcely a country on the face of the globe where he had not a throne in the hearts of bad men. The servants that waited upon him were deaf and blind. His daughter, who was rich in all such possessions as "horses and chariots and slaves and souls of men," sat at his right hand.

The King commanded Aedh to sing the praise of his wealth and world-wide sovereignty. But Aedh said, "Oh King, I sing the praises of but one Being, the lady who gives me all that I have of good, and she has commanded me to sing the sorrows of thy slaves."

Then the King was very wroth, and would have ordered him to be slain, but his daughter pleaded that the singer should first be heard. She was a lady of fair seeming, whose power was as great as her father's and her influence far more subtle. There were many who rebelled against the deaf and blind condition of his servants, but very few dared to whisper a word against the invisible bonds in which she held them. Moreover, her power increased every day, while his declined somewhat. She beckoned Aedh to her side and whispered in delicate tones, "There is no need to sing what is untrue, only avoid unpleasant themes and thy power for good will be greater than it has ever been."

And Aedh sang about the jewels upon her hand and the fretted roof of the palace. When he had to pause for breath, for he was weaker than usual, they gave him rich wine to drink out of a golden cup, and an unnatural heat made his brain throb with an unholy rapture. He forgot his Love, his native mountains, his vows of obedience, and sang only the praise of the Princess—he who had heretofore knelt but to one lady. Then they placed a crown upon his head which hid the star, and the Princess bound him with a golden chain, and said, "We must clothe thee in silk and velvet."

All the Court now praised him, because the Princess had done so, and he was the first among the favourites; for the Princess loved, above all things, what was new. But Aedh dreamed no more beautiful dreams; the sweetest music was no longer possible to him; she who had ruled his heart came no more to him in visions of the night. And the Princess's servants persuaded him that he must seem in such fashion that all should know he was a singer. When he replied that such devices to gain attention were contrary to his nature, they laughed and told him the votaries of their mistress never confessed the irksomeness of her service. She taught him to speak the language used in her Court, and though it was a strange and uncouth one, full of words and phrases which had no meaning to him, and though he spoke it stammeringly, he grew ashamed of his mother tongue. And he suffered his feet to be bound with a jewelled chain, so that he could no longer wander upon the mountains or through the plains. He held a little court of his own, for it was known that he had the ear of the Princess and could gain her favour for any whom he chose. He had his flatterers, too—and foremost among them was the Princess herself—murmuring praises fatally sweet to his ear; but there were moments when his old love came back upon him with torturing remorse, and he saw, as in a flash of light, that the Princess was not beautiful as she at first seemed to be, but only painted to appear so. She was indeed an enchantress of many spells, but she could not bestow peace of mind.

After Aedh had dwelt in the palace some time, there came a day when the increasing weakness of his voice could not be concealed from public notice. Wine gave him no strength and the luxurious life of a courtier began to enfeeble the limbs accustomed to pure mountain air. He cried aloud to his first Love, and prayed for a sight of her face to inspire and give him

new life. She answered his cry, but came veiled in black, and sternly reproached him for his inconstancy. Her accent rent his heart and his feeble spirit quailed before her majestic wrath; but he lacked courage to break the chains that bound him, although she assured him their strength existed only in his imagination. The conditions of forgiveness she offered seemed to his clouded intellect too hard for performance. "To return to my old life would kill me now," he thought; "I have accustomed myself to require the aid of artificial excitement. This life is misery to me, but I must bear the punishment of satiety."

He propped his failing fame by singing cruel songs about the natural infirmities of other courtiers. Vice, too, ceased to appear hateful to him because it gave him an amusing theme. His satires excited much hollow laughter, but in the end even this device failed, and there came a day when, as he opened his lips to sing before the Court, no sound issued from them. His power of song was gone.

The Princess frowned, the crowd hissed, and those courtiers who had lately suffered from his mockery drove him from the palace.

Now followed days of loneliness and nights of horror such as he had never known in the time of his faithful service. Fearful darkness gathered round him wherever he went. A brand like Cain's was upon his brow where the star had shone. The good and gentle shrank from his sullen frown and his inarticulate ravings of despair. At last he knew that he must die, and he prayed his early Love that she would give him strength to speak the truth once more before he went into the eternal silence. She appeared to him again and granted his request, but hid her softer aspect from his weeping eyes.

Armed with short-lived power he came unbidden into the presence of the Princess as she walked in her garden surrounded by courtiers, and sang in a strain that she had never heard before. In this song he spared not her deceits and false-heartedness, nor her painted beauty, and the Princess hid her face in shame. Then he hymned the praise of his first Love.

He sang of her pure, sad beauty, and as his voice grew stronger and sweeter he called upon all true souls to persevere, with faithful lips and stainless hands, in that path where he had weakly failed. And as the last note died away in the echoing hills he fell dead before them all.

"We must erect a great mausoleum over him," said the Princess. "It shall not be thought that we could not understand his words."

So Aedh's funeral rites were splendid, and his statue was placed in a prominent part of the city.

That was all the change he made in the life of the Court.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THE SCARLET LOBELIAS—BRILLIANT AUTUMN FLOWERS.

IT is not the Blue Lobelia beloved by those whose delight is in exotic bedding that occupies one's thoughts in these notes, but the scarlet perennial Lobelias that are wild flowers in the United States and Mexico. The most intense in colour is *L. fulgens*, as the name indicates, but the species has been superseded in brilliancy by its varieties, of which that named Queen Victoria is the most splendid. "Splendid" aptly describes this flower of the sun, and it is in groups that the glorious crimson colouring has the most startling effect. At a distance the groups might be well mistaken for crimson Cannas in the full zenith of their warm beauty; the colour is the same, and there is a dark-toned leaf that brings into greater relief the glow of the petals. Firefly is another variety that seems to be a reflection of the midday sun; but if one of these perennial Lobelias is desired, Queen Victoria should be the first selected. The reason for its comparative neglect cannot be attributed to the gardener, and we use the word in its broadest sense, but to a fungoid disease that affects the constitution of the plant much in the same way as it affects the Hollyhock.

The perennial Lobelia is a lover of moisture, and many a pond or lake side may be beautified in autumn with its brilliant colouring, but it must not be actually in water. I have in mind a shady moist corner by the edge of a small lake. Wandering round this lake, my attention was arrested by a little pool of colouring, more intense even than the Etna Phlox of which earlier in the year the scarlet flowers were reflected in the surface of the water. Closer acquaintance revealed the scarlet Lobelia (*L. cardinalis*) Queen Victoria, its leaves of unusual size and deep chocolate green, and the spikes tall, straight and lined with flowers. Of late years the pond and lake margins have been converted in many gardens into gardens of flower-life, and in the autumn of the year the Lobelia vies almost with the red clusters of the wild Guelder Rose for richness of colour. This Lobelia is not hardy, except in the South of England and Ireland, and it is necessary to lift the roots at the approach of frost. Plant them in a cold frame, or store them in the same way as Dahlias are sheltered during the winter months.



The greatest success, however, comes from seedlings, and the hints given should be followed by those who desire to achieve perfect success with this autumn flower. Sow the seed in a greenhouse or frame in March, and transfer the seedlings when they are sufficiently large to handle into another frame or a sheltered position in the garden. When early June arrives they should be well established and ready for their permanent quarters. Flowers will gladden the gardener's heart the first year, and when the floral display is over pot them into 3in. pots for the winter, give them the protection of a cold house, and in spring transfer them into larger pots, one tuft in what is known as a 5in. pot, or one size larger, according to the strength of the plants. From these they may go later on to the beds, borders or water-sides. As the Lobelias increase, division of the roots may take place, and spring, when new growth is beginning, is the season for this disturbance.

The variety Queen Victoria is certainly the gem of the *L. fulgens* group; but among the seedlings several colours occur. The most pronounced perhaps is the rosy variety, which has not the same vivid beauty as the first-named. *L. syphilitica* does not show the same vigorous growth, and to maintain its true character propagation must be accomplished by division of the roots or by cuttings taken in autumn from growths that may be described as "half-ripened." These will root readily in 5in. pots filled with a 'airy light soil and placed in a cold frame: the flowers are of a violet shade, but seedlings vary considerably. There are several Lobelias of annual duration, and the blue Lobelia planted lavishly in the summer garden is the most popular.

#### ROSE DOROTHY PERKINS IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN this country the charming pink rambler Rose is usually allowed to spread its branches over a trellis fence or grown as a weeping standard, and in either form provides a picture of great beauty. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of Mr. T. W. Lawson's house, Dreamworld Nest, and demonstrates in a remarkable manner the decorative and free-growing properties of this Rose, and at the same time proves its suitability for covering a house. In British gardens the general system of pruning the wichuraiana Roses, to which group Dorothy Perkins belongs, is to each year, as soon as



T. E. Marr.

DOROTHY PERKINS RAMBLER ROSE.

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be. As will be seen in the illustration, the use of a few well-grown specimens will often transform a bare and comparatively ugly place into a home of beauty. As the flowers are produced during several months of late summer and the plants need little attention beyond watering and an occasional dose of a good fertiliser, these Hydrangeas may be regarded as plants giving an abundance of blossom for the minimum amount of labour. In addition to those with creamy white flowers, varieties giving pink and blue blossoms can now be obtained. Although hardy in many districts when planted out, those in tubs should be given the protection of a cold greenhouse or outhouse for the winter months, when they will naturally be in a dormant state.

#### THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Although commonly called the Rose of Sharon, the plant to which this name is given does not even belong to the Rose family and is known to botanists as *Hypericum calycinum*. Other popular names by which it is known are St. John's Wort and Aaron's Beard, although the first of these two is frequently applied to the whole family. The Rose of Sharon is really a low-growing shrub, attaining usually a height of about 1ft. and producing its large yellow flowers in summer. As a plant for covering bare spaces under trees it answers splendidly, and as it is not at all particular as to soil, providing the drainage is good, it deserves to be far more largely grown than it is at present. It is one of those old but showy flowers which never seem, for some reason or other, to make much headway in public favour. Other excellent plants belonging to this family are *H. androsaemum*, a sub-shrub, which grows about 3ft. high and produces its yellow flowers in summer, these being followed by dark-coloured fruits; *H. patulum*, a shrubby plant, 5ft. high, which also flowers in summer; and *H. moserianum*, a very beautiful plant that grows from 1½ft. to 2ft. high, and was raised by crossing the Rose of Sharon with *H. patulum*, the result being large, rich yellow flowers that are borne in profusion during the summer months. Those who appreciate shrubs not frequently met with should certainly grow these *Hypericums*. H.

#### A NEW HYBRID BRIAR ROSE.

It is always a pleasure to chronicle the advent of a Rose that is perfectly distinct from all others, and the famous firm of Messrs. William Paul of Waltham Cross have added another novelty to the already long list of beautiful hybrids that have been raised in their nursery. The name of the new hybrid is Juliet. It has been well described as "a perfectly unique novelty."



T. E. Marr.

HYDRANGEAS.

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the blossoms have faded, cut out the old flowering rods and retain those young ones that are always produced from the base of a healthy plant; but evidently this is modified by American gardeners, as undoubtedly some of the old wood has been retained in the plants shown in the illustration.

It is the result of a cross between the Yellow Briar and a Hybrid Perpetual. When the flowers are only half-expanded a golden colouring is seen on the under side, and as they expand there appears a charming medley of tints, rose and salmon intermingling to give Juliet her most winsome beauty. As the petals fade the salmon disappears, leaving a pink suffusion as pretty as the blush on a maiden's cheek. Exquisite colouring is not the only attribute; to this must be added immense size, fulness without coarseness and a strong, delicious fragrance.

#### NEGLECT OF THE MOSS ROSES.

Never in the history of the Moss Rose has there been greater enthusiasm not only in the raising of new hybrids, but also in its cultivation; but with all this keen desire to acquire the most recent introductions, there is the danger of many old and cherished favourites disappearing from our gardens. Seldom does the pretty, quaint Moss Rose shed its warm fragrance in the summer air; but in the days of one's childhood, the mossy, half-opened buds were the most eagerly sought for. A well-known Rosarian, who has a love of all the queerly tribe in his heart, laments the neglect of this beautiful group, and rightly says it seems strange that such an interesting group of bush Roses should receive so little consideration. It cannot be

that they are not valued, because a common expression one hears at the exhibitions is, "Where are the Moss Roses; are they not grown now?" The fact is, the craze for perpetual-flowering Roses and the great advance in the Hybrid Teas have to some extent crowded out the Moss and other beautiful Roses. For their associations alone there should be a bed or border of Moss Roses in every garden. The plants should be on their own roots; that is, raised from layers, a method of propagation which suits them admirably. A few of the more free-flowering sorts are a success as standards or half-standards, but the majority should be grown as bushes. The Moss Rose requires a well-manured and well-dug soil, to be in a bed by itself, not in a shrubbery, and to be pruned hard back when a dwarf hedge is desired. The pure white Blanche Moreau is one of the most satisfactory if a hedge is required, and under these conditions the shoots should be left 2½ ft. to 3 ft. long the first season, then less severely pruned. This type of Rose, through years of neglect, seems in the mind of many to be restricted to the ordinary pink and white forms; but the following selection of twelve dispels that illusion: Blanche Moreau, Celina, the common Moss Rose, Comtesse de Murinais, Crested, Gloire des Mosseuses, Gracilis, James Veitch, Little Gem, Mme. Edouard Ory, Salet and White Bath. C.

## BEAR-HUNTING ON THE STIKINE.—II.

By J. G. MILLAIS.

**A**FTER a night of heavy snow the morning of September 27th broke still, but dry and very cold. We were late in starting down the river, as it was not necessary to reach the next salmon stream until 3 p.m.; so we spent the morning in finishing the black bear's skin. There was a great exhilaration flying down the beautiful river at ten miles an hour, expecting every moment to see something, we scarcely knew what, and, had the sun been out and I myself well, nothing could have been more enjoyable. The tints of autumn were more lovely than I had ever seen them. The scenery was unsurpassable, and considerable duck life, now on its autumnal migration, added much to the interest of travel. We encountered at least ten flocks of the beautiful Pacific black-throated diver and its young, many harlequins, and a few golden-eyes, American widgeon, pintail, mallard and American black scoter. On every sand-bar sat rows of large herring-gulls, now on their way to the coast from the lakes of the interior. In still pools the stiff necks of the

pied-billed grebes left an oily trail on the glassy surfaces, and here and there little black dippers darted by uttering their clinking cry, or sang their sweet little song from some rock amid-stream. Nature had a look of expectation.

The light was beginning to fail when Davy suddenly shot the nose of the canoe into a steep bank against which the stream rushed at twelve miles an hour. In a trice Tommy was out and had attached the rope to an overhanging alder. We had reached the "Little Cañon" stream, and the Indians meant to camp down wind and well above it. Having carried our necessities for the night up the steep bank and selected our site, we left at once to explore the wide sand-bar and the stream which percolated in many channels into the main Stikine. The Indians, as usual, took their home-made gaff with which to yank out diseased salmon, a food I could not relish, however hungry. We walked a few hundred yards and then bore inwards towards the forest, where the stream, which was choked with salmon, divided into two main branches. My



THE HOME OF OLD EPHRAIM.





GRISLY AT BAY, ROARING WITH ANGER.

eyes followed up the left of these channels and its wide shingly bar for about 400 yds., when I detected something moving in the bushes. I spoke to the Indians, who at once stood still, and as we looked again a huge bear plunged out of the forest and walked to the brook. Immediately we lay flat on the snow. I have no hesitation in saying that the bear, which proved to be a large grisly, saw us quite plainly, yet he cocked his ears and walked straight towards us. The nearer he came the bigger he looked. Taking immense strides, he swung along with his head up and possessed a far greater dignity than exhibited by any black bear I have seen. Twice during his walk towards us he looked suddenly over his left shoulder and made a little side run towards the water, his attention, evidently, being attracted by some passing salmon. When he came within 100 yds. I knew I could hit him for certain and so raised my rifle into position. To my disgust, I found that the bear was partly obscured by a low bank of snow immediately in front and so at once began to crawl forwards to obviate this. In a flash, however, Albert, good hunter that he was, grasped the situation without a word being spoken, and flung himself in front of me so that I could shoot over his back.

An old bear-hunter had told me that he always shot at the centre of a bear's shoulder, because it either disables the animal completely or makes it stop to bite the wound and gives time for other shots. I resolved to try this, and aimed for the shoulder just as the great beast turned sideways, looking at us intently all the while. I pulled the trigger, feeling very confident, and the cañon echoed with the report and a loud roar. Then such a circus commenced. The great body was squirming and rolling with intense vitality. Amid a chorus of growls the bear bit and bit at the wound in the shoulder and in its efforts to reach the wound kept turning somersaults. The Indians were quietly exultant and smiling, Albert remarking in my ear: "Grisly gettin' pretty mad now." I held my rifle up, but did not mean to fire again until the bear was comparatively still. At last he looked up sharply at us, so I gave it to him again just about the same place. He dropped to the shot, but was up at once on all fours, when I saluted him with three more bullets, each of which struck him in a different place.

The vitality of the grisly has often been remarked on by hunters; but I was not a little astonished when I saw the amount of shock the bear had received without collapse. Three of my shots were well placed, and the hind foot was broken and yet he stood up and defied us. I could not help feeling an admiration

for such a gallant opponent. I was about to kill him with a heart shot when he turned round and retreated a few yards to a large pool of water, and in this he lay down with his back towards us. I now took the camera in my hand and advanced to within 10 yds. of the bear, Albert, holding the rifle in his left hand, having received instructions to give it to me at once if asked for. I shouted to the bear, who at once stood up and growled at us, when I took two pictures. As I was about to take a third, feeling sure the bear could not charge, I looked down to roll the film. I was in the act of doing this when Albert suddenly said, "Look out," and pushed the rifle into my hand. Raising my head, I saw the bear walking slowly towards us at about 6 yds. distance. Getting somewhat scared, I dropped the camera and, grasping the rifle, put a bullet into the bear's chest. Death was almost instantaneous. If only I had had the nerve to take that last photograph I might have got an interesting picture. As it was, the result, even at so short a distance and in so vile a light, was most disappointing.

There is no man living who does not remember the day he killed his first lion or grisly bear. It is one of the supreme achievements of the hunter's life; at least, it was so to me, not so much because of the triumph over a dangerous animal as on account of the acquisition of a somewhat scarce natural history specimen. Though I am a naturalist, I like to obtain all my specimens myself, for the reason that their possession is so much more interesting than if others told me all about them or I had grubbed among skins in the arsenic-laden atmosphere of some stifling museum. To see one great beast in its natural surroundings and to kill and skin it one's self is worth, in the experience of that animal, a very great deal. You can then study and examine hundreds of skins and horns afterwards with an interest that cannot be conjured up by any amount of dry reading. You feel that that animal is a sort of personal possession, because you have seen and known it in breathing life; and life is far more interesting than death. What is a pressed flower or a painting, however beautiful, compared to the original bloom or landscape palpitating with life and flashing in the sun? Poor in comparison indeed!

How we danced round that poor old bear, and how we talked over every incident of its appearance and death! What a skinning we had for three hours in the cold and the snow, what a sharpening of blunted knives and what a flood of bear reminiscences! Even Indians can talk once they begin. I was happy. I had forgotten everything—that I had acute bronchitis, that it was snowing like the mischief, that it was pitch dark,



I had killed a big grisly, and that was all that mattered. Of course, Albert and the Indians said that it was the biggest grisly they had seen, but I, as a naturalist, could not accept this false flattery, for I had seen many larger skins. It was just a good big male, 7ft. to the root of the tail and 7ft. 5in. in total length—a thick-set and heavy animal. The best part of it was its beautiful fur, which was in fine condition for so early a date; but the inclemency of the season may have accounted for the early development. The colour was a very dark rich brown, with a broad band of grey on the lower neck stretching upwards to the junction of the withers. A point that struck me forcibly was the beautiful colour of the exposed portion of the lips, which were a bright lead blue, a point well retained in the admirably-mounted specimen which has now been done for me by Rowland Ward.

The bear was enormously fat; in fact, the fattest animal of any kind I have ever seen, and it occupied just three hours to take off the skin and head. Perishing with cold and wet, we made the camp and soon revived our spirits with an immense fire, large enough to roast an ox. That night a gale from the west sprang up, and the crash of the great trees falling all round us was most alarming and kept us awake all night. I thought we should have one across the camp at any moment, and was thankful when daylight and a cessation of the wind came. More than 100 trees, many over 200ft. in height, fell close around us; the experience was almost as bad as an earthquake. Neither I nor the Indians got a wink of sleep, we were in such a state of "jumps." After breakfast, however, the wind fell and the snow commenced again so heavily that I decided to spend the day at our present camp and to clean the bearskin.

Black bears are very numerous in all parts of the country; they grow to a large size and carry finer pelts than in any other part of the American continent. I saw a skin in Mr. Hyland's store which had been killed in the previous spring that was well over 8ft., a very large size for this species. Some of these bears have a large white patch on the chest, others have only a small white spot, while in most cases the general pelage is a rich glossy black all over. On the Upper Stikine there is a local variety which has at all times smoke grey hair over the whole of the back. I have seen a skin

of this description from Montana. It is only a local variety and not a sub-species, since cubs may be seen with the mother, who is often jet black all over. The general habits of the black bear are so well known that I need only say a few words as they apply to the animal in Cassiar. In this district they leave their hibernating holes early in May, and if the weather is bad return to them until the young grass springs up on the hillsides. Here they feed greedily for a month, and are generally in poor condition, but in fine fur. At this season the Indians hunt them a little and kill a few, for whose hides they get about 15dol. The hunters have no fear of them, even when accompanied by cubs, for they all say that although the black bear female will often charge up to a man who gets between her and her offspring, they never charge home, but only rush up showing their teeth at the intruder. If a man stands still these bears invariably depart. There have been instances in the district when men have been mauled by black bears, but these misfortunes are chiefly due to excessive carelessness or the fact that the bear has been fired at by the hunter when the animal was on the hillside above the hunter and came rolling down to his feet. In such a case some years ago, a Thlinget on the Iskoot could not retreat, or lost his head at the last moment, and was attacked and bitten to death. Such instances are, however, extremely rare. In former days black bears were so abundant at the junction of the Iskoot and Stikine that one Thaltan Indian armed only with an old muzzle-loader killed nine in one day. Nowadays any hunter

should kill two or three grislies and four or five black bears in a fortnight's spring hunting on the Stikine.

As the summer goes on black bears become much shyer and are seldom seen, since they keep to the dense forest; but in early September they repair to the large rivers and small streams and live largely on dead and dying salmon varied with a berry diet. They remain by the rivers until late in October and then return to the woods and precipitous hills before searching out some secluded lair in which to sleep for the winter.

The grisly bear is numerous on the Lower Stikine and Iskoot Rivers. It grows to a considerable size in this district, but specimens are not so large as those of the Alaskan Peninsula, although Captain Conover, than whom there is no better authority on the Stikine, tells me that he has seen immense individuals, one stretched skin being no less than 13ft. in length. The skins exhibit all the varieties of colour found in grislies throughout the North-West, some being almost straw colour and others a very dark brown with light chest and shoulder stripe. It is interesting to note that these Stikine grislies emerge very early in the spring, sometimes in March, and that many of them do not hole up until Christmas-time. This view is supported by all white men and Indians with whom I discussed the subject, and proves that seasonal changes have little to do with bear hibernation, whereas absence or abundance of food is all-important. The Cassiar grisly emerges in the spring in very good condition and at once commences to pair and dig for roots before the

grasses spring. They are far more carnivorous than the black bear and live much throughout the summer on the small grey gopher which they dig from their holes. After the great feed-up on salmon, which lasts from September till early November, they are immensely fat and then leave the rivers and repair to the steep hills to intercept goats in their passage from range to range. In this they are very successful, and can easily overtake the goats in fair chase, which is probably the reason why the white goat fears to leave his precipice. This hunting trait of the grisly seems to be little known in other parts of the continent, though it is well known that they can kill such swift animals as the mule and the white-tailed deer. How they actually catch these active animals no American naturalist has yet explained,



THE DEAD GRISLY.

but I have myself seen a grisly feeding on a large mule deer buck he had just killed. A goat, however, is not a swift runner and can be easily overtaken. Another curious fact in the natural history of this carnivorous bear is attested to by Captain Conover, who has found two black bears that had just been torn from their winter quarters and half devoured. One of the skins of these he preserved and it was bought by my friend, Mr. Butler of Pittsfield, Mass. In this skin there were no marks, but a big hole eaten out of the lower back, so that it is evident that the grisly whose tracks littered the snow must have devoured his unfortunate cousin alive before eating into and breaking the backbone. One can scarcely imagine a more fearful death than to be aroused from sleep by a horrible monster and then slowly devoured. The grisly had "bushed" up the rest of the carcass and evidently intended to return. The date was about a week before Christmas.

But few white hunters kill the grisly up in the interior of Cassiar, because they are altogether a shyer and more difficult beast to capture in the autumn, even when absorbed in the enjoyment of a blueberry patch. Their sight is excellent, and Mr. Clifford Little tells me that a grisly once observed him from the top of a range of hills in Cassiar at such a distance that no deer, and possibly not even a mountain sheep, could have seen the human movement. Of the disposition of these grislies I will speak later, but it is sufficient to show that they are held in considerable respect by all the Indians, since neither

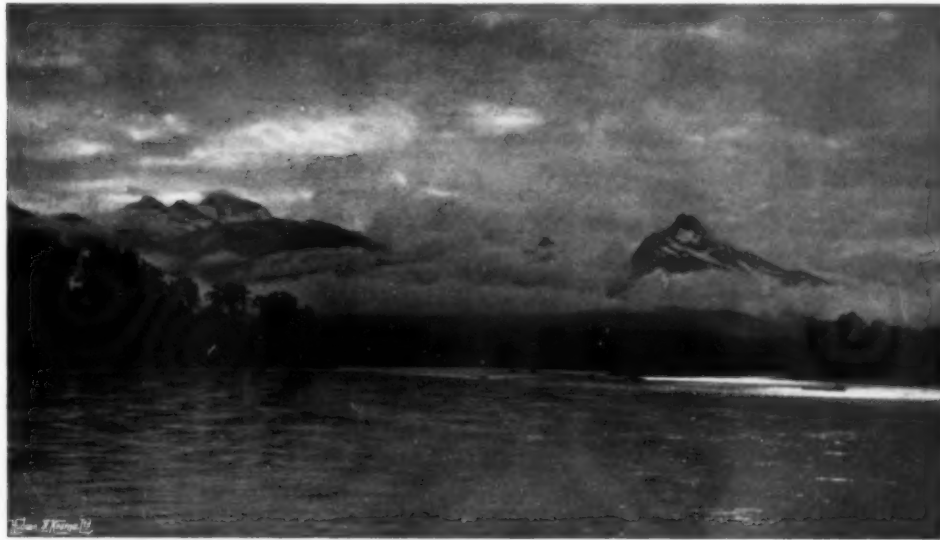
Thaltans nor the Thlinget hunt them. This is partly due to fear and partly to the fact that their hides, however good, are not a valuable market commodity.

As President Roosevelt and a number of recent writers have shown, the popular conception of the grisly bear rushing relentlessly upon his foe is much exaggerated. Men who have lived among these bears and have killed large numbers, like Captain

Conover. He has shot over thirty, but never kills them now. In the spring he has been repeatedly charged by female grislies which were travelling through the woods with their young. His practice on such occasions is to stand stock still and face the bear, which, he says, invariably rushes up with every demonstration of anger to within 10 yds. and then stops and after a few minutes retires. If a cub calls out, the mother will at once return and repeat her charge, but according to Conover, she never charges home if the man stands still. I have not the slightest doubt that Captain Conover is correct. He is a most modest and unassuming old gentleman, as well as a man of high education, and with his wide experience his views are worthy of great respect. Few men, however, especially those who see a huge grisly for the first time, would have the Captain's splendid nerve. It takes a long time to kill popular conceptions, however ridiculous they may be. Nearly every Westerner delights in painting the grisly, with six bullets in its heart, pursuing the hunter up a 300ft. tree and chasing him to the end of the little branches. He tells you that when the grisly is not carrying 2,000lb. steers over the summit of the Rockies he is "yanking" the roof off the house to "muss around in your remains," as one writer tersely puts it.

One bear story is very much like another, but the truth of the following incident, which occurred in Baranoff in

1908, can be vouched for, since Mr. Bronson had recently seen the chief actor in hospital at Sitka when he told it to me. In July, 1908, three white men went to Baranoff Island from Puget Sound with a cargo for Sitka. After discharging they resolved to anchor for a few days in one of the bays and get some fresh meat. S., the engineer, took his rifle, and, following one of the numerous bear paths, reached the high ground and there shot a fine buck, which he at once paunched and lifted on to his shoulders. He was returning down hill through the thick scrub when he suddenly heard a bear cub call in the woods close to the path. Throwing the deer off his shoulder, the engineer was aware of a huge body rushing towards him. He raised his rifle, but it jammed, and before he could right the bolt an immense grisly appeared, seized him by the shoulder and threw him down. The bear then proceeded to chew his legs and arms, inflicting terrible wounds. In a short time the cub called again and the bear left his victim, who started to crawl behind a tree. The cub now cried again, when the mother rushed back and, having found the unfortunate man, tore one of his eyes out and further bit him about the face and neck. Again the bear left him and yet again it returned, but as he kept quite still it did not inflict any further



CLOUDS OF ROLLING MIST: LOWER STIKINE.

Conover and Mr. Sheldon, state that they have never known one to charge. This was their experience, but it does not follow that at certain times and in certain circumstances the grisly bear will not charge his foe, sometimes without provocation. There are islands in the North-West Pacific and even on the coasts of British Columbia where the Indians will not pursue these animals. A friend who was anxious to kill a grisly bear went up a river near Ketchikan in 1907, and immediately a bear was seen his Indians bolted for the coast and he was forced to abandon the hunt, while in Baranoff Island the Indians say that every grisly that sees a man will at once attack him. There is no question that the grisly in most districts entertains a deadly fear of man and his weapons, but there are still many places where these have made but little impression on the nature of the beast. The numerous accidents that annually occur confirm this, but in most instances the trouble has happened through firing at the bear which is found on ground above the shooter or from the use of inferior rifles. A number of accidents happened annually even after the introduction of high-velocity rifles owing to the use of defective ammunition, and even to-day the 30/30 Winchester rifle, the weapon nearly all the Indians use, can hardly be considered a powerful enough weapon for the chase of the grisly. The Indians of Cassiar say that the grisly is a very "mean" beast and that when wounded it will run away and then lie down close to the trail, placing its paws over its eyes and shamming death. When the hunter approaches it will spring upon him unawares. My hunter Albert said that he never shot at the grisly. It was too dangerous and the skins were worth very little. He had only killed one grisly in his life and that was in self-defence. About four years ago he was looking for sheep on a steep hillside and saw a half-grown grisly coming straight towards him along a game trail which he was following. Albert at once sat down to let the bear pass, as he expected below. The bear, however, saw him, and at once ran straight towards him growling and showing his teeth. At 30 yds. he fired and missed. The bear never winced, but came on, and Albert fired again, this time into the open mouth of his enemy. At the shot the bear, who was hit through the brain, collapsed and fell 600ft. down the hill. It was a narrow escape. Doubtless the bear had charged because he saw the man blocking his retreat and not from pure viciousness.

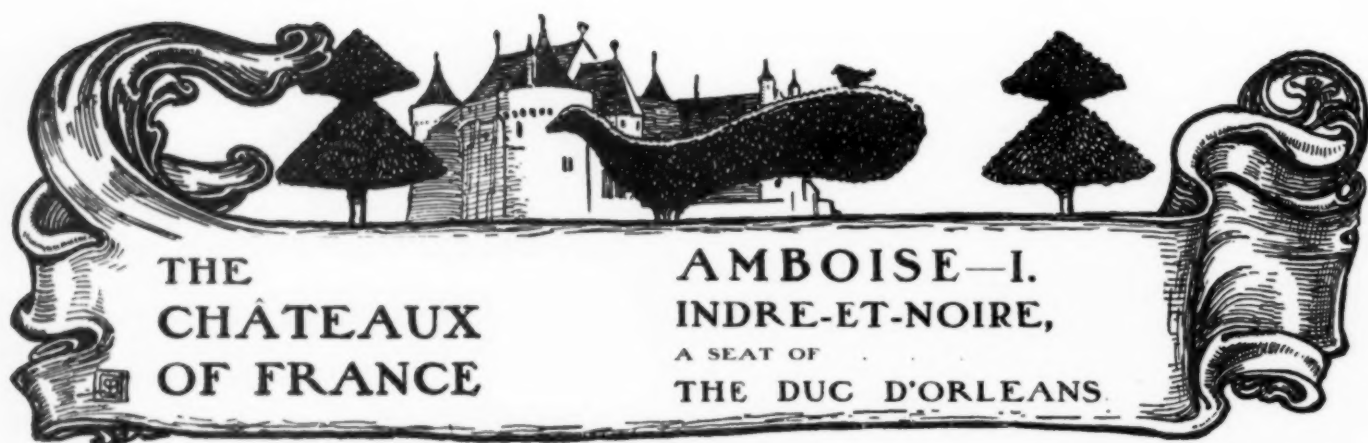
Captain Conover, who has lived for ten years on the banks of the Stikine and has probably seen more grisly bears than most men, believes them to be very harmless



HUDSON BAY FLATS: A GOOD PLACE FOR GRISLY.

injury. The bears then left and the wretched man started crawling on all fours down the path. For three days he crawled yard by yard down to the beach, where his comrades eventually found him in a condition of collapse. He was at once taken to the hospital in Sitka and was found to have no fewer than sixty-eight wounds. Strange to say, when Mr. Bronson saw him he was well on the way to recovery.





**A**MBOISE is the only castle in France, as far as our present knowledge goes, which has had the honour of being sketched by Leonardo da Vinci, and though his pen-and-ink drawing of it in the Windsor collection is not a more faithful representation of architecture than was Turner's vision of Château Gaillard reproduced in previous pages, no one who knows how to treat a Leonardo manuscript can fail to recognise its authenticity. When looked at in a mirror (as all the great Italian's handwriting must be read) the round tower that is Amboise's chief feature stands in its right place, and you find that Leonardo's first impression of the castle is very much your own as it breaks on you from the bridge across the river.

It is, therefore, with Leonardo, and with one other famous visitor to that gallery above the arches which Leonardo drew, that I shall chiefly deal in this short sketch of a place that has been so often described before in every detail of its long and varied history from Vercingetorix to Abd-el-Kader. That other visitor upon the rusted gallery was Mary Queen of Scots, and between her death and the birth of Leonardo you may find all that is greatest in the story of Amboise.

I know few places that still preserve so well the double character of a royal fortress—the domination of its surroundings,

the imposing of its strength and splendour on the town and river underneath, and, on the other hand, the remote and special quality of guarded isolation which rests upon the quiet terraces of its uplifted garden, terraces that breathe a higher air, a more reserved and prouder charm than can be felt beneath the pinnacles and buttresses that fence it in. It stands like some Gothic Acropolis above a smaller Athens and a wider stream; and it is built, with that gorgeous eye for situations which the older masons cultivated, upon high ground that looks higher than it actually is because the stonework rises from the lowest levels to the topmost platform, and completely commands the approaches of the noble bridge across the Loire.

The castle is now a kind of lordly refuge for the poorer dependants of the House of Orléans, and there is little left within it to recall the work of those Italian artists whom Charles VIII. brought back with him from Italy. But neither time nor man has yet been able to ruin the massive exterior which had mainly risen before his reign, and which both he and Louis XII. still further decorated. It was the playground of the youth of Francis I., and he cared little for it after he had grown to man's estate. Chambord is the measure of his taste, and Blois the test of his French workmen's aptitude. Amboise remains very much as Francis II. and his young Queen saw it, and the only restoration

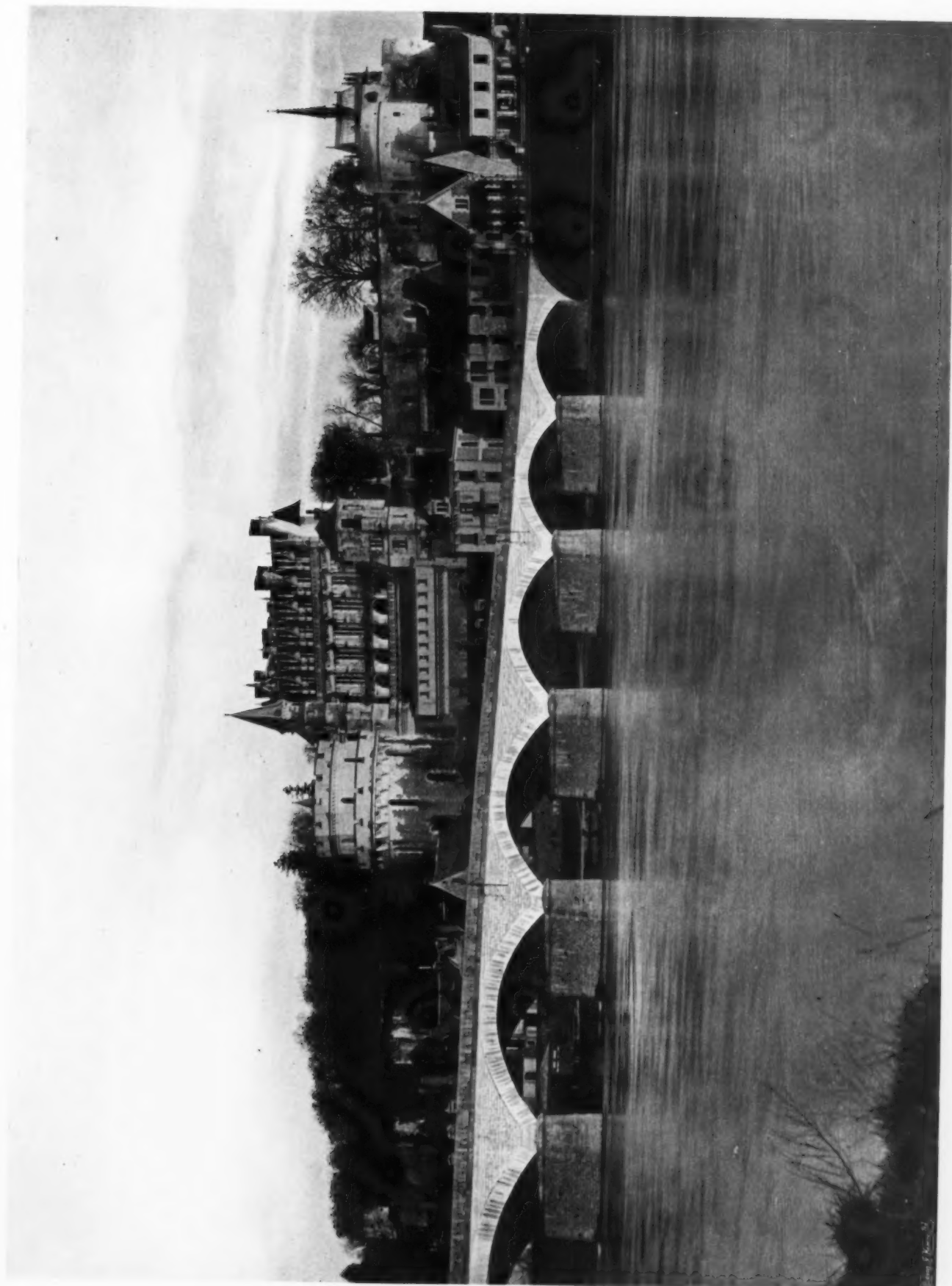


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CHÂTEAU AMBOISE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





AMBOISE FROM THE RIVER BANK.

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possible has been the necessary strengthening of a fabric that was nearly destroyed in the Franco-German War. One of the vast round towers, its special pride, has, for instance, received an obviously new set of battlements after the model of Pierrefonds. But the main lines of the massive masonry remain untouched; and though the façade that fronts the river has a fine effect of rich decoration, the inner courtyard is almost coldly bare. It is the garden and the terraces that make the buildings of Amboise still beautiful—these, and the exquisite jewel of its chapel, reared on tall shafts of stone like an expanding lily on its rising stalk.

This chapel is probably the first thing that will be discovered by the visitor who wanders through the lower entrance and climbs gradually up towards the higher ground. From the level of its entrance it seems but a small and delicate fragment. Yet from without the castle walls it is one of the main features of the buildings' outlines. Above its doorway is set the sculptured story of St. Hubert and the miraculous stag, together with the

legends of St. Christopher and of St. Anthony in the desert, the latter on the spectator's left. The mixture of three such entirely different subjects on the same panel is characteristic rather of French Gothic than of Italian workmanship, and if it must be attributed to a foreigner, there is more probability in thinking it was a Flemish hand to which we owe it. But the carvings inside are more Italian both in taste and execution, especially the grotesque figure of the ape above the altar, which was selected by Champfleury as a typical illustration of that age and country. This detailed work was probably all finished in the reign of Louis XII.

Italian taste most certainly presided over the gardens in which this lovely little chapel is the chief gem, for they were laid out by Pascello da Macogliano, the Neapolitan. Their broad walks and shady avenues of clipped trees—very much like the famous avenue in Trinity Gardens at Oxford—are still a delight to every visitor. It is not in architecture alone that the Italians impressed their memory on the Valley of the





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## THE CHAPEL AND RAMPARTS

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

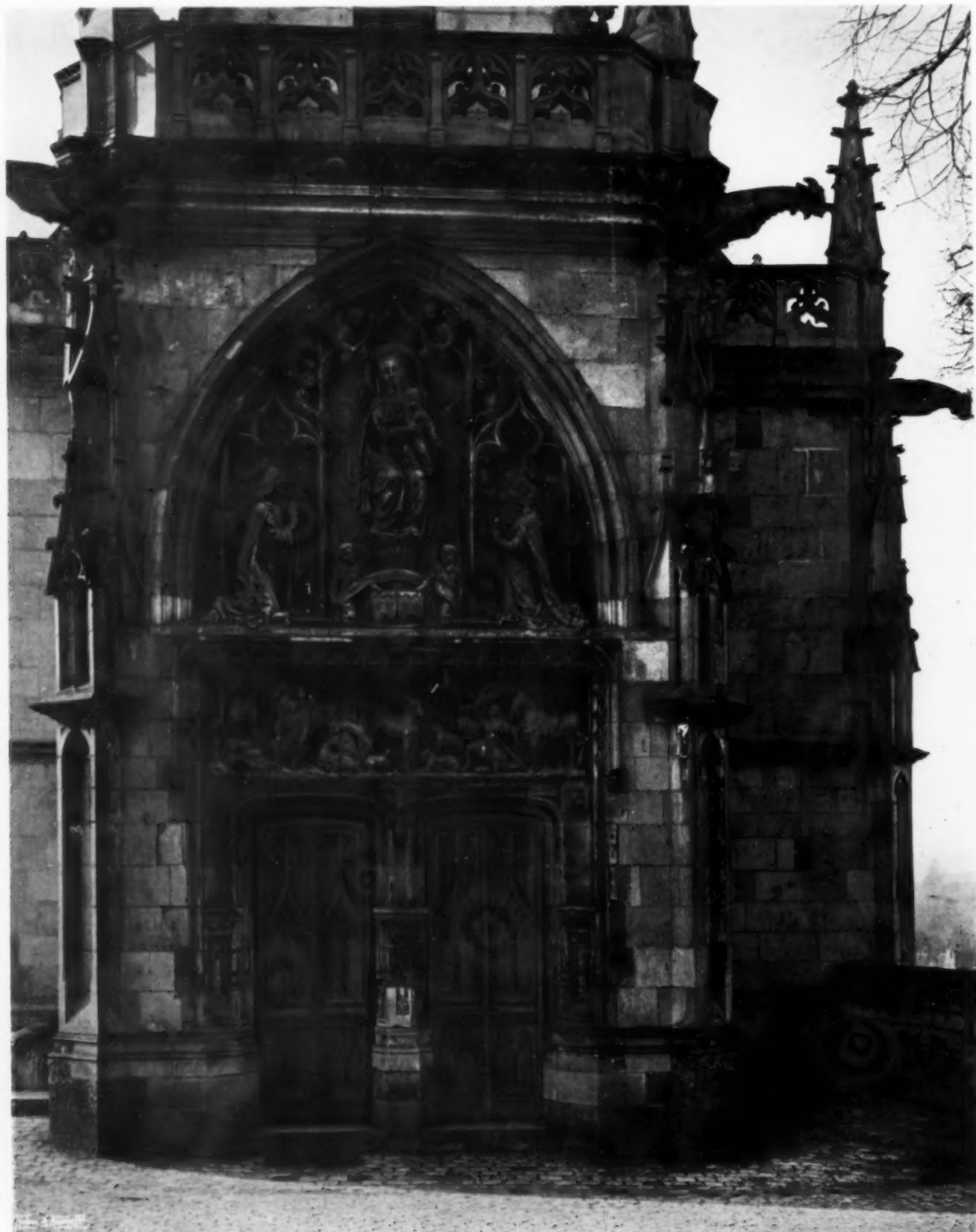
Loire. Two of the former patrons of Leonardo were known there before his own arrival—Ludovico Sforza, called Il Moro, and Caesar Borgia. After taking Bayard prisoner at Milan, only to set him free again, Ludovico had been betrayed to La Trémouille by his Louis mercenaries, and was sent to the dungeons of Loches, where he languished for nine years in a sunless subterranean cavern before he died. The pitiful frescoes and inscriptions he left in his cell by the banks of the Indre were still fresh when Leonardo drew the great towers of Amboise across the Loire, not very far off. At Blois, on the same stream, at Chinon, on the Vienne, the recollection of Caesar Borgia can have been scarcely less vivid in the minds of the inhabitants; for it was at Blois that Caesar, who was created Duc de Valentinois as a reward for the Papal consent to Louis XII's divorce, had been himself married to Charlotte d'Albret. The French King had made his triumphal entry into Milan with his new ally in October, 1499, and saw there for the first time the

fresco of the Last Supper and the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza. Though it is by the former of these masterpieces that Leonardo's fame has gained its greatest modern expansion, it was his work upon the statue that most deeply impressed his genius upon his countrymen. The project for it was as old as 1472, but for many years "*non era un Leonardo ancor trovato*," as Baldassare Taccone said when the model by Da Vinci was first set up in 1493 in the court of the castle of the Visconti, when Bianca Maria Sforza was married to the Emperor Maximilian. It was never cast in bronze, because its sculptor insisted on attempting it in one piece, and sufficient money was never forthcoming from the Duke's exchequer for the purpose, or even for his artists' salaries. There is every probability that the model seen by Louis XII. was partially destroyed when his restraining hand was no longer over his soldiers and they occupied Milan after the battle of Novara in April, 1500. "I cannot speak of it without grief and indignation," writes Fra Sabba di



Castiglione; "so noble and masterly a work made a target by the Gascon bowmen." Enough was left for the Duke of Ferrara to ask the Cardinal d'Amboise for a cast of what, even then, was "daily perishing." But Louis XII. would not accord permission. We have, therefore, nothing save a few sketches in Leonardo's manuscripts that can recall a work which was more highly praised during its brief existence than any other single

Florence, where his Madonna with St. Anne was the admiration of the populace. But by the autumn of 1501, with a mind that ever shifted from sculpture to painting, from biology to architecture, from mathematics to engineering, Leonardo was inspecting the fortresses of Romagna for Cæsar Borgia. Of that journey he has left notes concerning the dovecote and the palace steps of Urbino, the bell of Siena, the library of



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CHAPEL ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

work of the Renaissance. And of its artist's other sculptures we know even less.

The Duke had fled from the law when Louis XII. entered the city. In April Leonardo wrote: "The Duke has lost his state, his possessions and his liberty, and not one of his works has been completed." The disappointment conveyed in the last few words is perhaps the reason for the cold impassiveness of the first sentence. The artist moved on to Mantua, Venice and

Pesaro, the harmony of falling water in the fountain of Rimini, the breaking of the waves upon the shore of Piombino, the bastions for the tower of Porto Cesenatico, the contour of the ground in Central Italy. In 1503 he was in fresh service, studying for the Signoria of Florence how to divert the course of the Arno and thus cut off Pisa from the sea. Soon afterwards he was at work on the Battle of Anghiari, the third great commission of his life. Again his passion for experimenting robbed



SCULPTURE OVER CHAPEL ENTRANCE.

THE STORY OF ST. HUBERT AND THE MIRACULOUS STAG, WITH THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER AND ST. ANTHONY IN THE DESERT.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

the world of yet another masterpiece. His work upon it was, indeed, interrupted by a summons to Milan from the Cardinal d'Amboise and Louis XII., who speaks of him as "our dear and well-beloved Léonard da Vinci, our painter and engineer in ordinary," and by the death of his father, Piero. But the Battle of Anghiari remained a fragment which soon disappeared, and the cartoon itself is lost. Its artist's mind had once more been directed in other channels. The conduit made in the gardens of Blois by Fra Giocondo for Louis XII. was probably carried out from Leonardo's plans soon after 1504. The triumphal entry of the same King into Milan in 1509 was graced with an "automatic lion" designed by Leonardo, whose praises still echo in the verses of



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CARVING OVER DOORWAY OF CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the French Court poets.

After the death of Gaston de Foix at Ravenna in 1512, Maximilian Sforza, strong in the support of Spain, the Pope and Venice, re-entered Milan. Leonardo shows his customary indifference to these political catastrophes; but his work for Italian Princes was evidently over. His sympathies had been too publicly in favour of the French invader. He first sought, under these circumstances, for the patronage of the Pope, Giovanni de Medici; and Melzi accompanied him in 1513 to Rome, where he worked in the Belvedere, and no doubt painted "the portrait of a lady of Florence executed by request of the late Julian de Medici, the Magnificent," which was seen at Cloux, near



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WINDOWS OVER BALCONIES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Amboise, in 1517, by Antonio de Beatis, secretary to the Cardinal of Aragon. The reason for its presence there was that in December, 1516, Leonardo had been attending the Concordat held in Bologna between the Pope and Francis I., and that when the French King returned home, a month afterwards, Leonardo went with him. The artist had definitely thrown in his lot with France. He came to the Valley of the Loire to die, and close to Amboise he breathed his last.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### BIRDS IN FRANCE.

WHILE staying recently in a quiet part of the North of France, I had many opportunities of watching the bird-life to be found in that part of the country. The general impression I gathered coincides with that formed by most people who have observed the wild life of France, viz., that we dwellers in Britain are infinitely better off in this respect than are our neighbours across the Channel. Small birds of nearly every species are certainly far more plentiful with us than in Northern France; and especially, as it seems to me, is this the case where the warblers and summer migrants are concerned. Chiffchaff, for instance, which I still heard shouting their monotonous yet cheerful little refrain when I left Sussex, seemed to me almost entirely lacking in Picardy; and such common birds as larks, yellow-hammers, chaffinches, corn-buntings, wagtails, robins and such-like were distinctly few and far between. Thrushes and blackbirds, with which we are nowadays somewhat over-blessed, were scarce birds, and starlings nothing like so abundant as in England.

### SWALLOWS AND MARTINS.

Upon the other side, it is to be said that swallows and martins were far more abundant this summer in Picardy than I have seen them for years in any part of Britain. Whether this is attributable to the greater scarcity of sparrows, which in England have, undoubtedly, from their habit of dispossessing swallows and martins of their nesting-places, some influence on the welfare of these birds, I know not; but it seems to me not unlikely. This, of course, cannot entirely account for the abundance of these birds in Picardy—some other influences must also be at work. Around the quaint little walled town of Montreuil, which rears its venerable ramparts high above the valley of the Canche, swallows and martins were to be seen in far greater numbers than I have noticed in England since I was a boy. They were equally numerous up the Canche as far as Hesdin and St. Pol, and along the various streams that join that river, as well as upon the Authie and other systems. It was a real pleasure to watch these birds in such large numbers. The small occupiers, who farm most of the land in Picardy, whatever slaughter they may wreak among other small birds—and I have an idea that they spare very few when they are out with the gun—aust certainly spare the swallows and martins, which is distinctly one point in their favour.

### MAGPIES AND OTHER CORVIDÆ.

One of the very commonest of all the birds in this part of France is the magpie, which is everywhere in evidence. At Montreuil they were to be seen and heard at any hour of the day among the tall trees growing on the ramparts, and in the neighbouring country they were everywhere and at all times in evidence. Twice I counted twelve out of one small field, and there were to be noticed small flocks of these mischievous yet singularly entertaining birds wherever one cycled. That systematic game-preserving in this part of France is absolutely neglected is evident by the enormous number of magpies, which are reckoned with us among the greatest enemies of the eggs and young of partridges and pheasants. The presence of innumerable magpies must also have some considerable influence in restraint of the numbers of small birds, which suffer much during the nesting season from the attacks of these pried marauders. Among others of the corvidæ, jays were fairly numerous

among the woods and forests; rooks were not nearly so common as in England, and carrion crows were frequently seen, too frequently for the prosperity of game-birds. I saw one raven in a large forest between Hesdin and Azincour (Agincourt), but these birds are, I believe, as scarce in the North of France as they are in the South of England. Altogether the abundance of such of the corvidæ as magpies, jays and carrion crows spoke badly for the prospects of game in this part of France, as badly as for the security of small birds during the breeding season. In our own country one of the surest marks of a well-preserved shooting estate is the absence of magpies and jays, as well, unfortunately, as of most of the hawks and falcons, noxious or innocuous. In France the peasant proprietors can have little real regard for the rearing of game, even for their own gunning, seeing that they tolerate the presence of jays, magpies and even carrion crows in such numbers as are everywhere apparent.

### SCARCITY OF GAME AND NO HUNTING.

As a matter of fact, where, as in Picardy, small holdings and peasant proprietors are the rule, game is conspicuous by its absence. No one will



Copyright. COURTYARD: CORRIDOR AND TOWER OF CHARLES XII. FACADE. "C.L."

take the trouble to preserve, or will waste powder in keeping down such dangerous foes as magpies and jays, and, consequently, partridges and pheasants are few and far between. On a long day's ride to Cr cy, in a fertile, arable country, where game should be abundant, I saw few signs of partridges. Two coveys were, actually, all that I set eyes upon. Pheasants were scarce everywhere in the woods wherever I travelled, which is not surprising when one remembers the swarms of magpies and the numbers of jays and carrion crows that are about. And as every small shooter who goes out with his gun slays everything that gets up, without regard to a future season, the general result is that there is precious little game to be seen in this part of France. Hares and rabbits are, apparently, quite as scarce as game-birds. I never saw a hare, although I traversed large tracts of country; and rabbits were not often seen. Hunting is practically unknown in this part of France. One pack of harriers—those of the Vicomte du Passage—manages to maintain a footing not far from Abbeville, and I believe another small pack exists at Samer, near Boulogne; but over the rest of a

very extensive country, well adapted for the chase of hare and fox, the cheery sound of a hunting horn is never heard. The small holders, in fact, do not care about hunting and will not permit it. The loss is theirs, if they only knew it. In England, the countryman, however poor his condition, can always enjoy a day with hounds at no expense to himself. In the case of fox-hunting he often sees a good deal of the fun; and when the hare is the quarry he can watch with delight hounds running all day. The French peasant, in his craze for the destruction of every relic of the old days of seigneurial sport, does himself, unwittingly, much harm and misses a great deal of genuine pleasure. Lower down in France, in Vienne, La Vendée, Mayenne and some other districts, where the remnants of the old French aristocracy still maintain a footing, hunting is vigorously pursued, chiefly, however, in forest country.

#### OTHER BIRDS IN PICARDY.

I saw one day on my way to Crècy, on a high plateau not far from St. Remy, a hen-harrier (female), which was steadily quartering some arable ground in search of a quarry. I saw also a few kestrels and one sparrow-hawk; but, as a rule, it may be said that all the falconidae are scarce in this part of France, the reason being, probably, not so much that they are shot at, as that their natural supply of food is as a rule wanting. Herons, which one might have expected to find in abundance in the wide and marshy valleys of the Canche, Authie and other streams, were extremely rare. I only set eyes on one during the whole of my stay; this I saw on some saltings between Etaples and Montreuil. Herons

are birds that no doubt prove irresistible to the average French gunning person—a singularly unattractive individual to English eyes—who delights in the slaying of harmless gulls and other shore-birds. While fishing up various streams I had ample opportunity of noting kingfishers. Alas! during my stay in Picardy I saw not a single one of these birds, although often in haunts perfectly adapted to their habits. Green woodpeckers, on the other hand, were extremely abundant. One heard them everywhere along the Canche Valley, and round the walls of Montreuil their quaint tittering call was frequently to be heard.

#### A CONTRAST.

Contrasting, then, my own county of Sussex with the country of Picardy, separated from England by no more than some forty or fifty miles of sea, the inclination is to congratulate one's self on the fact that one dwells in England and not in France. This is, of course, purely from the ornithologist's point of view. Northern France, under other conditions, might well make as good a show of birds as is to be found in neighbouring parts of England. As things actually are, Sussex and Kent are a thousand-fold more attractive and more interesting in the matter of bird-life than are the plains of Picardy, intersected, though they are, by fertile valleys watered by numerous streams, and here and there more than ordinarily well timbered. In this part of France, at all events, the average Frenchman is neither a bird-lover nor a sportsman, and in consequence the whole fair country suffers (with few exceptions) from a general lack of bird-life. The loss, as we English Nature-lovers know, is in reality a grievous one. Perhaps some day our Gallic neighbours may awaken to the fact. H. A. B.

## SPORT FOR SUMMER NIGHTS.

THERE are few anglers for whom an occasional night's fishing has not its attractions, but, to be enjoyed, it should be only occasional. Night is the time for bed, particularly in the summer holidays, when one is often in the sea before breakfast; and those who fish for fun and not for bread should not vary the programme more than once or twice in August.

Night-fishing at sea lacks some of the distractions of sport in sunshine, but it also has sensations of its own. My busiest hour in the moonlight was the one in which I had a couple of tarpon on the beach, each weighing exactly 108lb. The conditions of night alter your whole perspective. You do not see the gulls, but hear them mewing in the cliffs. Of passing vessels you note only the masthead lights. True, the sea is never quite as dark as the land, for some little light always broods over the face of the waters, and the eye accustoms itself to see objects at short distances, even when there is no moon. This, in warmer seas than ours, is much aided by the powerful phosphorescence of the water. I have, in the Mediterranean, seen a school of porpoises light up the darkness in this way with beautiful effects, and in the Gulf of Mexico you get a still more startling sensation when some great shark, 15ft. or 20ft. long, goes gliding under your boat, leaving tracks of fire and seeming far too close to you for comfort.

The fascination of the night side of Nature makes a feeble appeal to those who either go to bed or sit up to play bridge. Here and there is an enthusiast who has felt something of it when on sugaring expeditions, his ear taking in the soft hooting of owls or the piteous squeal of a trapped rabbit, his eye seeing only the pale lamps of glow-worms signalling to one another at their rendezvous.

The only sounds that break the stillness of a night's congering while we are waiting for the great eels to take the bait are the peevish voices of discontented gulls quarrelling on the rocks and the blowing of porpoises among the pilchards. If the fleet of drivers is within a mile and the night is, as it should be, perfectly still, we shall, at nine or ten in the evening, hear the straining of capstans as the nets are hauled aboard. The gulls hear it, too, and leave their bedrooms, flying sleepily in a bee-line for the lights twinkling on the mast, that they may snatch a fish supper from the very nets.

This is the setting of conger memories down in Cornwall. Cornwall is the duchy for sea-fishing; but it is a little far from Town, and those who do not fish have nothing to do. Splendid conger may be caught at Eastbourne, Seaford, Brighton, anywhere with rocky ground. Still, it is in Cornwall that I have had all the best of my conger, and I will try to describe, just as I recall it, one night's sport off Charlestown.

Charlestown, for which busier times are in store, is at present just a little clay port on the south coast of the duchy, not far beyond Fowey. It has no estuary like that fashionable resort, nor is its harbour anything but modest, but it is very near some of the best conger ground in St. Austell Bay. Out of the little harbour we sailed at sunset. The Mewagissey pilchard fleet had already shot its nets, miles on miles of snares lying parallel to the shore and so right across the path of the shoals which would soon strike out to the deeper water, and the luggers were riding, sails lowered, with the nets. A pilchard lugger with its "fleet" of nets comes along with a heavy deliberation very trying to anything in the way. It is true that the ground we are going to fish this night is close to the Blackhead and well

inside their path. In case, however, a straggler should mark out for itself a track away from that of the main body, we make doubly sure by hoisting a lantern on either mast, serving the double purpose of showing our whereabouts in the darkness that will soon cover in the land and also helping us see to unhook our conger and re-bait our hooks. There is no moon to-night. Congers know quite enough without any moon to help them see the lines. You can catch an occasional large conger in bright moonlight; for the matter of that, there are rocks in deep water where you may get a monster now and then in the broad light of day. When, however, we give up our night's rest in order to come congering, we want to take no chances, but to make as sure of sport as any fisherman can.

We are on the ground quite an hour before dark, and we pass the time catching such bream and pollack as are in residence. On these we do not waste the precious squid that has been got from the only trawler on these grounds. A strip or two of mackerel and pilchard are tempting enough for bream and pollack, which at this hour of the departing day rise close to the surface and snatch your bait when only a few yards of line are off the reel. Several pollack of 5lb. or 6lb. and a bream of 4lb. are kicking in the well before the short August twilight comes somewhat abruptly to an end, and then the decks are cleared for action. Out come the lines. You can use a rod for conger at night if you like; there is no law against it, and it is considered the act of a sportsman. I thought so once; I thought so as recently as the beginning of this evening, but the experience which I am about to relate cured me of that superstition for ever and a day. The others wisely used the fisherman's lines; but I had still to undergo my cure—it was one of the kill or cure kind.

Out come the squid now, ghastly miniatures of the devil-fish that nearly did for Victor Hugo's Guernseyman. It is very doubtful whether either squid or cuttle, both excellent baits, form at any season of the year the conger's natural food. Both creatures are so clever in hiding in narrow crannies of the rocks, or escaping in clouds of their own contrivance, that congers, never very rapid swimmers, would only catch a rare mouthful of such food and more probably find their chief support in crabs and lobsters, particularly when these are changing shells and helpless against their enemies. A lobster minus its shell must be as good a dish as the little soft-shelled crabs they give you in American restaurants, of which (the crabs, not the restaurants) you eat legs and all. The conger probably appreciates a feed of squid or cuttle by way of a change from its ordinary menu. Squid and cuttle are caught only accidentally in the nets. They are not fished for deliberately and on purpose. Scores may gather round your boat when you are anchored on the pollack-grounds, and then they will rob hook after hook of the bait, never getting hooked themselves, until fishing becomes hopeless, and you just get up the anchor and sail elsewhere. Occasionally your man will produce a "jigger," not unlike the pattern used by the fishermen of Bamborough and Seahouses, and on this, with a peculiar knack, he manages to transfix a few of the little robbers. At some seaside places squid is much harder to get than at others. At Lynmouth, for instance, it may generally be had from a local salmon-weir, in the meshes of which a good many of these creatures get caught. At Hastings or Brighton there is the local fleet of trawlers, and the boats which land the fish on the beach will generally bring half-a-dozen ashore for a few pence. At one or two Cornish ports where



there is no trawler (the drift-nets rarely get squid), an odd squid or cuttle may be caught towards evening in the harbour by trailing a pilchard on the end of a string, when occasionally one will dart out from the masonry and catch hold. Then, with much adroitness, a landing-net may be slipped underneath, or you can use a special gaff made of half-a-dozen large hooks, each minus its barb, lashed back to back at the end of a light ash pole. But such methods of obtaining squid are very precarious, and it is better to rely on them where possible as the by-products of the nets. In any case, it has to be washed quite clean of the "ink," and it is also considered to add to its attraction if you beat it until soft.

It is a perfectly still night on this ground off Charlestown. Apart from reasons of a more personal nature for preferring calm weather, it is an absolute necessity for successful nights with conger, as the baits ought to lie quite still on the rocks, and they cannot do so if the boat is prancing about like a colt. It is also, before we start fishing, quite dark, and there is just the least bit of tide running, which means that the conger will be on the prowl. The hooks are of immense strength, and for 2ft. or 3ft. above each copper wire is bound round the line to spoil the conger's teeth. The leads, of a local pattern, very ingenious in preventing several lines at close quarters from fouling, are of a boat-shape with arms of waxed cord, to which are fastened the stout hand-line and finer stuff above the hook. The village church rings out eight strokes, the Eddystone sends us a flash for luck and the baits are down on the bottom. Now is the time for the inexperienced fisherman to put severe restraint on his enthusiasm and leave his line alone. Let him remember that he is neither dry-fly-fishing for trout nor tight-corking for roach, and a conger generally hooks itself if given time to do so. It may be urged that this is not very high-class sport—little better, in fact, than the setting of night-lines and taking off the fish next morning. This is a true bill, but who ever praised conger-fishing as delicate sport? It is to most other kinds of fishing as stalking elephants to driving snipe. The joy is not in the catching, but in the size of the game. By keeping a very light hold of the line without in the least disturbing the bait you can feel the preliminary nibble with which a big conger usually samples the fare; but it is important not to strike until you are sure that the fish is actually moving off with the hook. Then you strike as if you were drawing a horse's tooth and immediately begin hauling the prize to the surface.

It is about ten minutes since we started fishing, and there are fish on two of the lines at once, each, it would appear, 8lb. or 10lb., and both, therefore, of the fair sex, for no male conger measures more than about 30in., and cannot therefore, even in the pink of condition, weigh much over 5lb. The eels are hauled to the side, then "strapped" over the thwart, and, when they hang helpless, are unhooked and flung into the well of the boat. It is important to heave them well out of the way of your feet, for they are slippery foothold in the dark. The lines catch three or four more fish, none of them

over 6lb. The pilchard fleet is drifting steadily nearer, and the nets are being hauled on every boat. Round each twinkling lantern may be seen the fluttering gulls dipping continually after stray fish that float away from the nets. It is nearly eleven o'clock, and the rod has been idle the whole evening, a source of merri-ment to those who regard the hand-line as the only tackle for conger-fishing. Then, as I was giving up all hope of it, a conger hooked itself and was off with a scream of the reel, and I had only just time to grip the rod as it was going overboard. Then began a struggle which lasted close on half-an-hour—lasted until both parties to it were sick of life, till all interest had gone out of it. Nearly all the line was pulled off the reel, the rod bent in a curve from which it never quite recovered, and my arms were so strained that they were stiff for forty-eight hours afterwards. When, at length, I got the only half-exhausted fish inside the boat, it was everywhere at once, and it took the whole company another ten minutes or so to reduce it to something like order. It was not heavy as congers go, only 24lb., but I vowed that in future I would catch conger on a line or not at all. Ten more fish the hand-lines took that night. I fished no more, being well content to smoke the weed of forgetfulness and rub my arms. The whole catch must have weighed just over a hundredweight.

Soon after midnight we return to our little harbour. The lights of the pilchard fleet have gone now, gone round the Black-head, and the boats must be slipping to their moorings in Mevagissey Pool where the buyers await them on the quay. The gulls, heavy after their late supper, are back in the cliffs. The Eddystone is still flashing, the one suggestion of movement out there in the blackness. At last we step out on the quay and tramp the 100yds. to our modest lodging. Our man stays on board to clear up the mess and clap the conger under hatches, pending a deal when someone comes along with the daylight to buy his catch. It has been an average night's sport, possibly a little above the average, for it is not always in these days that a catch includes one conger over "the twenty mark" and three over ten. Formerly, so they say, you got monster congers in the bay, fish of 70lb. or 80lb., and no further away from the land than we were anchored this evening. Well, "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona. . . ." Fishermen did not half lie in the brave days of old!

And what of the conger on table, since the fish-kettle or grid is the legitimate sequel to a day or night on the fishing-grounds? In truth, very little can be said. I once had a cook—he had cooked for a mess at "Gib."—who made out of the middle steak of a large conger, and a sauce of which he alone had the secret, a dish that even an epicure would smack his lips over. But the majority of cooks, those in particular attached to the ordinary run of seaside lodgings, are not of the calibre to juggle with such weird material, and my advice in a general way is: Leave the congers to your man as a perquisite. It is an act of generosity that will bring its own reward.

F. G. AFLALO.

## LITERATURE.

### THE SOUVENIRS OF THE DUCHESSE DE DINO.

Duchesse de Dino: *Chronique de 1831 à 1862.* (Paris: Librairie Plon.)

PRINCESS RADZIWIŁŁA, *née* Castellane, has edited and annotated this extremely interesting collection of notes and souvenirs which Talleyrand's niece, the first Duchesse de Dino, addressed to M. Adolphe de Bacourt in the course of a correspondence lasting thirty years. The first volume has especial interest for English readers, for in it is described from behind the diplomatic scenes the secret political history of England during the last years of William IV.'s reign. The Duchesse de Dino accompanied Talleyrand to England, whither he went as French Ambassador, and in the capacity of his niece she did the honours of the Embassy. She was his secretary and counsellor. She inspired and conducted many delicate diplomatic negotiations with the British Cabinet, rendered all the more difficult by the constant hostility exhibited towards Talleyrand by Lord Palmerston, and it was she, finally, who induced her uncle to resign, and to retire definitely from public life, after writing him an elaborate letter on the very thorny subject of superannuation, concluding with these sensible words: "Do not bargain with the public. Do not submit to its judgment: impose one on it. Declare yourself old, so that you shan't be accused of growing old. Say, nobly and simply before all the world: the hour has come!" On the relations which existed between William IV. and the little Princess who was to succeed him on the throne, the Duchesse de Dino throws a flood of curious light. In May, 1832, the King gave a dinner on the occasion of his birthday, at which Prince de Talleyrand and the Duchesse de Dino represented the Diplomatic Corps. He was at that time on terms of coldness with the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, while the Duke of Sussex, the late Queen's uncle, had been actually forbidden the Court. At the conclusion of the dinner, the King, addressing himself to the Duchess of Kent, proposed the health of Princess Victoria as being the only one who by Divine Providence and the laws of the country would succeed him. "This," says the Duchesse, "was accompanied by so many assurances of his

own personal good health, of his strength and of his determination to live and to keep well, and of the need that there was in the present difficult circumstances to avoid a Minority, that everybody wondered whether the King wanted to be agreeable or disagreeable to the Duchess of Kent, who was as pale as death." It was understood that the Fitzclarences were putting forth princely pretensions, and that, in the King's belief, the popular party wanted to secure the succession to the throne to the Duke of Sussex. The King grew so bad mentally—his chief mania was to believe that he had great military talents, on the strength of which he paid frequent visits to the barracks and made the soldiers parade one by one, throwing whole regiments into disorder and exposing himself to the ridicule of the men—that at last the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Gloucester and Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, thought it their duty to make respectful but serious representations to him. They were very badly received, the worst treated being Lord Hill, who came away perfectly flabbergasted.

At a Drawing Room given by the Duchess of Kent the Duchesse de Dino was struck by the appearance of the young Princess Victoria, the future Queen. She had grown, and was both paler and thinner, much to her advantage, though still small for the fifteen years she would attain in three weeks. But she had a beautiful complexion, superb chestnut hair and, in spite of not being tall, she was well made; she had pretty shoulders, beautiful arms; the expression of her face was sweet and benevolent, her manners also; she spoke several languages very well, but owing to her being too much in the society of Germans her English accent, the Duchess was informed, was not good. Many are the amusing anecdotes which the Duchesse de Dino has to tell of well-known English people of her time. Of Samuel Rogers she says: "He passes his life at Lady Holland's sneering at her, and amusing himself by exciting her exaggerated terror of illness and death. During the cholera, Lady Holland was seized with inexpressible fright. She was ceaselessly thinking of all sorts of precautionary measures, and detailed to Samuel Rogers all the paraphernalia she had surrounded herself with, baths, fumigatory apparatus, plaisters and drugs. 'You have forgotten the essential



thing," said Mr. Rogers. "And what's that?" "A coffin!" Lady Holland faints." Of no one did the Duchesse de Dino entertain a higher opinion than of the Iron Duke, and what she says about him is of real historical value, for she entirely contradicts the verdict of some modern writers that Wellington was a man of mediocre moral and intellectual gifts, and it must be remembered that she was an exceedingly keen-witted and experienced woman, and, as the niece of Talleyrand, not likely to be prejudiced in favour of the soldier to whom Napoleon owed his downfall. Referring to a diplomatist who professed to know all the secrets of Europe, the Duke of Wellington remarked to Mme. de Dino: "Whosoever wishes to be in everybody's confidence, must necessarily place his own in others, and this generally takes place at the expense of third parties." "There is an admirable good sense and clearness of judgment in the Duke," says Mme. de Dino. "We talked a great deal together at dinner to-day, and I wish I could remember all that he said, the true and the simple are becoming so rare that one would like to pick up all the crumbs. The Duke of Wellington has a very sure memory. He never quotes inaccurately. He forgets nothing, and exaggerates nothing, and if there be something a little short, dry and military in his conversation, it is, nevertheless, attractive by reason of its naturalness, its justness and its perfect propriety. He has an excellent tone, and a woman never has to be on her guard as to the turn which the conversation may take. . . . The Duke of Wellington told me a rather remarkable thing about the English character, namely, that no other people were greater enemies of bloodshed than the English. He assured me that the English soldier was less cruel than any; that when the battle was over he hardly ever committed a violence, pillaging to any extent but no bloodshed." Very different was the opinion she formed of Lord Brougham. "This strange Chancellor," she says, "without dignity, without propriety, dirty, cynical, rude, intoxicating himself with wine and words, vulgar in his expressions, ill-bred in his manners, came to dinner here yesterday in a frock-coat, eating with his fingers, tapping me on the shoulder, and telling fifty improper anecdotes."

ROWLAND STRONG.

#### SPORT AND SCIENCE IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

*Three Years' Sport in Mozambique*, by G. Vasse; translated by R. and H. M. Lydekker (Sir Isaac Pitman.)

ANY book translated from one language into another is bound to suffer, however excellent a linguist the translator may be. Nevertheless, whatever its shortcomings, *Three Years' Sport in Mozambique* is written by a sportsman, and—though in his three years in Portuguese East Africa he killed nearly 500 mammals, 1,550 birds and 2,100 reptiles—on the whole a genuine and humane sportsman. In the preface we are told that the book is written with a sobriety and sincerity as simple as it is impressive; and we do not quarrel with such phraseology, though we may at times regret its truth. The narrative is so simple that it is often bald. Some of the descriptive writing is good. The book is really a collection of notes, and though Messrs. R. and H. M. Lydekker, the translators, have adequately fulfilled their task, some doubt is left, after finishing the volume, as to whether they might not have improved upon it. To English readers, at any rate, the sudden spasmodic jumps from the past to the present tense, which frequently occur, are irritating, and do not lend any dramatic touch to the narrative. Sentences such as these are too frequent: "I take aim at the lion and press the trigger; the click of the lock makes itself heard, but there is no report. . . . I utter an oath of disappointment, and, lo! another lioness, which I had not seen, jumped up not far from the carcass and disappeared." M. Vasse is a very modest writer, and a man who had never hunted lions might well be forgiven after reading his account for fancying that but little skill or patience was required in their pursuit. Though he killed twenty-three, most of them are dismissed in a few lines.

Notwithstanding form of expression which fall quaintly upon a foreigner's ear, many of his descriptions are entertaining. Take, for instance, that of an encounter with a cow buffalo: "The wounded beast was rapidly gaining on the hunter, when, struck by a happy thought, he threw himself on the ground, thereby saving himself from severe injuries. After several futile

attempts to gore him the cow departed, and was unfortunately never killed." M. Vasse, we are glad to notice, never callously leaves a wounded animal nor shirks a tiring and irritating pursuit when there is any prospect of the stricken beast being put out of its pain. Indeed, on page 117 he frankly admits a fault which has cost many a hunter the loss of a limb, if not of his life, namely, the pursuit of a wounded lion into thick cover. Shooting animals caught in a trap attached to a heavy log does not strike one as a particularly enlivening form of sport, though the author was sufficiently lucky to obtain a couple of fine leopards and a lioness in this manner.

A short description is given of one Manuel Antonio Gouveia, a picturesque scoundrel of a type which occasionally flits across the orbit of a traveller among the untrodden ways. This Goanese half-caste, as might be expected, came to an untimely end. A lieutenant of his, Chitengo, recently died, having amassed a large fortune, principally consisting of some thirty wives and over 100 children. On the *tendo* (i.e., a large plain inundated during the rainy season) of the Sungwe the author encountered vast herds of game. "Before us, so far as the eye can reach, the horizon is black with game. There are from four to five thousand gnus, about 1,500 zebras, seven or eight hundred waterbuck, and two or three hundred palas." The last two chapters are the best in the book. The first of these is devoted to a description of lion-hunting on the *tendo*. The scientific results of M. Vasse's three years' travel were many. New maps were made; fifty-three species of quadrupeds were brought back to the Natural History Museum, 118 of birds, more than 18,000 of insects, 500 species of plants in a herbarium, sixty-three of venomous serpents, batrachians and fishes, 250 mineralogical specimens, many land shells, etc. New forms of plants were recognised, and a new fish and a new antelope were named after him. He also presented a large amount of material for the study of bacterial diseases to the Pasteur Institute. We cannot congratulate M. Vasse on the majority of his photographs, but the photograph of a bushbuck on page 14 is good, and shows about the best head in the book.

#### "The Woman at Home."

THE September number of *The Woman at Home* (Geo. Newnes) contains two articles of considerable interest to the woman who is both artistic and practical. One, by the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy Stewart, is on "Lace and Bobbins." Having briefly dwelt on the histories of several pieces of historic lace Mrs. Stewart turns to modern English lace and discusses the prospects of the revived industry, which is rapidly taking the position of importance that ought always to be accorded to hand-manufactures as compared with those of machinery. The lace-makers' appliances also seem to be very fascinating, especially the bobbins, some of which have been handed down from generation to generation and are of great age. They are all carved by hand, and many of them are elaborately and tastefully ornamented, so that a collection of old English bobbins would be of extreme interest. The other article, on the "Art of Embroidery and its Followers," treats of Jacobean embroidery. Judging from the specimens illustrated, this embroidery ought especially to appeal to the modern woman, who, while she may be very fond of needlework, has as a rule neither the time nor the eyesight to indulge in the minute embroideries on lawn and muslin so popular with the Early Victorians. There are a second instalment of Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler's romantic serial, several excellent short stories and various articles on women of note in the social and professional world. The early autumn fashions are profusely illustrated, and the cookery notes are as usual thoroughly modern and practical.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

True Tilda, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Arrowsmith.)  
The Prodigal Father, by J. Storer Clouston. (Mills and Boon.)  
The Cords of Vanity, by James Pranch Cabell. (Hutchinson.)  
The Birth of Modern Italy, by Jessie White Mario. (T. Fisher Unwin.)  
The Bride, by Grace Rhys. (Methuen.)

## A ROYAL BEDSTEAD.

OUR Sovereigns in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were apt to be very sumptuously couched, whether they were at home in their own palaces or on visits to their subjects. The latter, when they expected such an august guest, frequently set to work in haste with builders, decorators and furnishers in order to do full justice to the occasion. Every self-respecting house which dates from the sixteenth century boasts of the possession of a bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept, although not infrequently it is known that she never crossed its threshold. Moreover, she certainly had a habit of taking her bed along with her, as surviving accounts show; for instance, the setting up and removal of this and other articles of her own furniture on the occasion of her visit to Aldermaston cost £4. But when we reach Queen Anne's time her hosts are generally found to have got ready for her advent State beds that vied in magnificence with the finest in her own possession. Of these we know the character from the surviving examples at Hampton Court. That which was made for herself is comparatively simple in its outlines, as the whole of it is upholstered in a richly patterned and diversely coloured velvet, and the effect is allowed to depend on that. But the bed of her predecessor, William III., being upholstered in a self-coloured damask, is far more elaborate in the woodwork on to which this damask is glued. The whole structure rises to a height of 16ft.,

and the tester has a deep and intricate cornice of projecting corbels, fantastic scrolls and many-membered mouldings, while vase-shaped finials rise from the four corners. The ceiling of the tester and the back of the bed are treated in the same manner. There has been no reparation, but a good deal of rough usage, so that the curtains and other portions of the damask are mere rags. A bed fashioned in the same manner, but thoroughly renovated after still worse usage, was at Holme Lacy, and was illustrated and described in *COUNTRY LIFE* on June 19th. Now a picture is given of yet another bed of this type which is not only still more sumptuous in its structure and hangings, but has the remarkable quality of being absolutely untouched and yet in perfect condition. The cornice, at the four corners and in the centre of each side, is projected forward on corbels and presents a rich and involved contour. The finials somewhat resemble those of the Hampton Court example, but have the appearance not so much of vases as of the ostrich plume arrangements common to early Stewart State beds. The base of the bed is given much the same cornice as the tester, an unusual development not found on either the Hampton Court or Holme Lacy specimens. The back, as at Holme Lacy, has not only a much-shaped head, but pilasters rising up to the ceiling, which is domed in heavily moulded stages. Every part of the woodwork is covered with material, principally two shades of plain silk velvet. But this already



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sumptuous stuff is loaded with galon trimming and silk fringes. The bed is now at No. 31, Old Burlington Street, where it may be seen; but it has only just been removed from the house and the room for which it was made. That house was built by a man who distinguished himself in office under the later Stewarts. He also made a fortune in the process, for he was, like Walpole and Fox after him, at the War Office during some of England's expensive contests with France, when that office saw millions of money passing through it and the Minister in charge was allowed percentages and commissions. When, therefore, Queen Anne declared her intention of visiting him at his new country seat, he did not hesitate to have a bed prepared for her at a cost

of £4,000, a sum fully equal to the rental of a large estate at that date. As to the furniture to accompany it, he showed moderation, more likely from want of time than from want of money. He used what he had, for the style of the chairs and stools point to their having been made under Charles II., and were, therefore, already in his possession; but he had them upholstered in velvet, galon and fringe to match. It is grievous to think that the legislation of our age destroys so much historic association. These ancient seats with their ancient furnishings in the hands of their ancient families should be deemed some of the most valuable and instructive documents of a great and glorious past.

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### SOME RECORD-BREAKING.

IT is rather disappointing to hear that, for reasons which are not stated, the money match between the two great one-armed players, Scott of Silloth and Yves of La Boullie, has been declared off. It was a very solemn arrangement, for £100 a side. It is marvellous how well some one-armed men, and these two above all others, play golf, and it would have been interesting to see what they did in a match with much at stake. A fine record has been made at Silloth by Miss C. Litch—72—which is reported (can these things be true?) to beat all that man has ever done on that course. Record-breaking is not a performance often accomplished during the playing off of a tie, and when so done it is all the more admirable. Mr. Hugh Watt, that famous player in East Lothian, did it lately on the Gullane course, playing off a tie for a medal with Mr. A. MacLaren. Another record, for amateurs, at the very same figure—76—is reported as made at Bramshot by Captain Bradford; but this was only in a match, which is not quite the same story.

### BRAID IN FORM.

I have seen Braid play a good deal of very fine and forcible golf, but do not think that I ever saw him quite as good before as in the first part of a foursome match in which I and Rowe of Ashdown Forest met Sir George Riddell and him at Walton Heath. All his game was accurate, but his driving was the feature of it. Again and again he hit balls—very straight ones, too—which even he, with a characteristic reluctance, was obliged to admit were unusually long. The result, aided by some very good putting on the part of Sir George Riddell and some very indifferent play on my own, was that they stood four up on the Walton Heath half of the match. We gave them three strokes on each round. In the afternoon they were round in 76, which takes some doing on the Heath, as everybody knows. The local knowledge which had served them so well there was all on our own side when we came to Ashdown Forest. In the morning we managed to get round in the really low score, from the back tees, of 69, and turned the debit of four holes to a credit of one. Eventually we won by four and three to play. ASHDOWN FOREST v. WALTON HEATH (WORKING-MEN).

There was further interchange of courtesy and battle on that same Saturday between Walton Heath and Ashdown Forest, the Cantelupe Club of the latter, which is the working-men's club, going to Walton to play the similar club there. This Cantelupe Club is said to be the strongest of its sort in the country. No one, perhaps, knows all golf with sufficient fulness to make that statement confidently, but it may very confidently be said that the club is a very strong one, with all the terrible cousinhood of the Mitchells which always gets the better of any team of the Royal Ashdown Forest Club that can be brought against them. They are most terrible on their own course; but, naturally, players who are so strictly local are more at a loss when they go to a strange green than those who are accustomed to play on many courses. The result of this match with the Walton Heath people was a half-honours easy—but, of course, the natives had all the advantage in local knowledge; a return is to be played at Ashdown Forest, when it is rather likely that the Foresters will give them a warm welcome. ABE

Mitchell, the long driver, led the team, and halved his match with Ritchie, who works in Braid's shop, and Tom Mitchell defeated Osborne, late steward at Walton and formerly in the late Duke of Richmond's service.

### A HARD CASE.

Rowe told me of a strange thing happening lately when he was playing to the short hole at Ashdown Forest. It is that "island" hole, the sixth, which Mr. Ridpath has endowed, so that if a man does it in one stroke when competing in one of the club meetings he shall receive either capital or the interest (I forget which, for the prospect of winning either seems remote) accumulated on the original deposit. Rowe played a very fine shot and lay about a yard beyond the hole. His opponent, Mr. Cecil Burns, played what was perhaps even a finer, although, if it had not had a curious fall, it would obviously have been too far. But it did get a very curious fall—right against the far lip of the hole. The ground was soft and the ball did not go in, but came out and stood just outside the hole, not a "stimie" for Rowe. But the effect of the stroke was just the same as if it had been a stimie, for the impact of the ball had set up the edge of the hole with a wedge of earth pointing upwards so that it was quite impossible to hole a ball from that side of the hole at all. Of course, there is no rule to allow a man to depress an edge thus raised, and equally, of course, the rules take no cognisance at all of such a thing. It might happen in the open championship. Is it incumbent on the man who has just raised the lip to put it down for those coming after? if not, it is rather hard on them.

### TAYLOR v. RAY.

Taylor and Ray encountered each other on Friday on the Scarborough Town course, and honours at the end of the day were easy. Taylor won the scoring competition with 65 to Ray's 71, while, in a match, Ray, with a 66, won by three up and one to play. It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast in styles than these two players. Opinions differ widely as to whether Taylor is actually a pretty player, but no one would deny that every stroke he plays is essentially finished and polished. Ray, on the other hand, is the most rugged of all the first-class players. He has no particular style, but delivers one simple and colossal lunge at the ball. He can certainly drive absolutely superhuman distances on occasions with that tremendous forward lurch of the body, which is saved from being a vice by the bent left knee. Nyren speaks of the famous Tom Walker as an "anointed clod-hopper." And that phrase not inaptly describes Ray's rather rustic though brilliantly effective golf. Moreover, he has another of Tom Walker's characteristics, a fine impetuousness. Nyren tells how the irascible Lord Frederick Beauclerk, on failing to bowl him out, dashed his hat on the ground and called Tom an "old beast," to which he tranquilly replied, "I don't care what he says." Ray looks as if he did not in the least care what anyone did or said, as he slogs the ball along, placidly smoking his pipe.

### ABERDOVEY AND ITS MEETING.

Anyone who, on arriving in Dublin, is suddenly asked which he prefers, Dollymount or Portmarnock, will be well advised to say that they are both equally admirable. The same advice would hold good in the case of one visiting Merionethshire and being asked his candid opinion of Harlech and Aberdovey. Each of these two courses has a following of



THE LIBERAL WHIP.



perfidious supporters, who make an annual visit there, and will admit no fault in their own course and no merit to the rival institution. The week before last Harlech held its meeting, the chief feature of which is the Town Bowl, which is certainly one of the most interesting match-play tournaments under handicap of the whole year. Last week Aberdovey followed suit with its own match-play tournament for its own bowl—the Allock Bowl—which was won by Mr. C. R. Minchin with a handicap of +1. Mr. Minchin is one of Aberdovey's most faithful adherents, for he has played there since he was a very juvenile golfer indeed. He is now both a strong and a careful player, who would be almost certain to do something really good if he possessed more time or more inclination for the mixed joys of championships. Aberdovey has recently been going through rather an anxious time in the building of a new and more gorgeous club-house in place of the old one that was burnt, and in bringing the incoming nine holes home *via* the fine row of sandhills, which used to waste their sweetness on the desert air. Both changes will make the golf there pleasanter than ever, which is saying much.

#### THE LIBERAL WHIP.

It would not be easy to name two more popular men in the House of Commons or on the golf course than the two who hold the position of Chief Whip to the Liberal and Conservative Parties respectively, and the amicable manner in which they meet in the friendly battle of the golf links is a testimony to the best traditions of British political life. Mr. J. A. Pease is a son of the late Sir Joseph Pease. He is a Member of Parliament for the Saffron Walden division of Essex and a cousin of Mr. J. B. Pease, the International golfer. Though not quite so expert as his famous cousin, or as Mr. H. W. Forster, the Whip on the Conservative side, he is a steady player and keen lover of the game. The name of Pease is a well-known one in many branches of sport. Mr. J. B. Pease is a Master of Foxhounds, and Sir Alfred Pease, the present baronet, has published a volume which is a text-book on the life history of the bulger, and has recently been the host of ex-President Roosevelt on his ostrich farm in Africa. It is well known that the Prime Minister places the greatest confidence in Mr. Pease's judgment and that the masterly manner in which he has handled his Parliamentary team during the present trying session has extorted a reluctant admiration even from those who are not the subjects of his Whip. While at Cambridge, Mr. Pease played football and polo for the University and was also Master of the Draghounds. In more recent years he has hunted his own beagles, has captained the Durham County Cricket Club and is cyclist, shooter and fisherman, so that he cannot fairly be accused of having neglected his sporting opportunities.

#### THE LAW AND THE MALLET.

**N**GA MOTU has suddenly leapt into fame. Till recently it was, so far as we are aware, as insignificant as was, for example, Rugely before the late Mr. William Palmer committed his murders there; now the name of Nga Motu will echo down the ages as having elicited the famous judgment that "a croquet mallet is not a golf club and is therefore inadmissible." These are momentous words, and the Rules of Golf Committee may soon be so badgered and brow-beaten and inundated with further questions as to wish the words unsaid. The question addressed was *à propos* of the pronouncement that no substantial departure from the accepted make of golf club will be sanctioned. "Is it permissible," it was asked, "to use a little croquet mallet?" Now the Rules of Golf Committee have no doubt been actuated by a praiseworthy desire to see golf played as such, and not travestied by horrible ungolf-like weapons wielded in ungolf-like attitudes. That is all very well, but those who disagree with them will have plenty of arguments to show that their weapons are clubs, and they will add that to stop a man getting a ball into hole in the way he likes best (provided, of course, it be a fair stroke) is rather arbitrary and high-handed, and possibly *ultra vires*. If they cannot prove that their weapons are clubs, the malcontents will at least be able to set the committee a series of "posers" as to where to draw the line between a club and a mallet. "When is a club not a club?" Answer: "When it's a mallet." "When is a mallet not a mallet?" Answer: "When it's a club." So far that is thoroughly satisfactory; but, then, let the form of croquet-mallet putter which is most generally seen be produced before the committee. What will they make of it? It is a "kind of giddy-harumphrodite," putter and mallet too. The shaft is the shaft of a club, the grip is the grip of a club, but the head is the head of a mallet; at least, it is like the head of a mallet, but infinitely smaller and made of an entirely different substance—'o wit, aluminium. If the test of the question is whether the thing would be suitable to play croquet with, then it is not a mallet at all, for it would only move a croquet ball made in miniature. It is hard to find any principle in it which can be distinctly said to belong wholly to croquet. There is, to be sure, the shaft running into the middle of the head, but that is now no new thing, since the Schenectady putter has been in common use since 1904. It is hard not to think that the committee have been led away by a natural distaste for seeing a gentleman putting between his legs with his hands held in a most inartistic manner.

To forbid a stroke which, in so far as it is not a push, is a perfectly fair one, appears analogous to forbidding the potting of the white ball at billiards, or the pulling a ball outside the off stump to square-leg. It is not, save under exceptional circumstances, a profitable manœuvre to pot the white ball, and it used

not to be considered profitable to pull a ball on the off side; from these simple facts there arose among the muddle-headed an absurd sort of fiction that he who did either of these two things was guilty of a horrible and dishonourable action. In the same way, to play with a grotesque club in a grotesque attitude is not, as a rule, profitable; but to do so is not therefore necessarily unfair, and to declare that it is unfair, which is what the Rules Committee appear to have done, implies some confusion of thought.

B. D.

## MR. A. J. BALFOUR AS A RIFLE-SHOT.

**I**N a recent public speech Mr. A. J. Balfour is reported as saying that "Anything which encourages a complete mastery of the rifle in the rising generation must be to the advantage of the country." The rising generation is probably not at all aware how complete a mastery of the rifle was achieved in his youth by the eminent statesman who made this observation. Some years ago Mr. Balfour, in succession to his father, owned the very fine forest of Strathconan, which he sold to the father of the present owner, Captain Coombe, and Mr. Balfour's shooting was extraordinary. In one season he is credited with killing twenty-six stags in the like number of shots; and though it is just possible that, as in the case of other great men, tradition may have magnified his achievements, there is no doubt whatever that he was a very fine shot with the rifle. Comparing this performance quoted with anything that is done to-day, it has to be remembered that rifles have improved beyond knowledge in the interval, in killing range, accuracy and flatness of trajectory. What makes Mr. Balfour's shooting the more remarkable is that he is handicapped by shortness of sight. On the other hand, he has in his favour a peculiarly equable temperament, which is of the utmost value in the exciting moments of stalking. His successor, Captain Coombe, is also a fine shot with the rifle. We have pointed out before, but it seems that there is no harm in its repetition or fear of saying it too often, how very much more attractive rifle-shooting could be made to schoolboys, if not, indeed, to all mankind, if a target in form of a stag or of a man were substituted for the concentric circles, in most common use, which make no appeal whatever to the imagination. When any such appeal is made it increases the popularity of rifle-shooting immensely.

Mr. Balfour is one of the comparatively few who have known the sport of stalking as it can be to the man only who is owner of his own forest, and can do a considerable portion of the stalker's work for himself. Fine as the sport is even for the great majority of us who are indebted for our enjoyment of it to the kindness of a host, and follow obediently, and often without a very clear understanding of the plan of campaign, in the wake of a stalker into whose paternal charge we are entrusted, it is quite certain that it can be as nothing in comparison with the entertainment of the man who finds the stag with his own glass, approaches it by virtue of his own science and knowledge of the ground, and calls in other assistance only when the quarry has been killed and there is the question of its conveyance to the larder. All this means realisation of a sport more like that of man in his primitive hunter phase than any other in our islands.

The best that is to be said by way of compensation is that the guest of many hosts has an opportunity of seeing very various but always glorious country. It may be a continual interest to the man who is at all a student of the human document to remark the very different manners, methods and ideas of those stalkers by profession to whom he and his fortunes are committed. It would be a flagrant breach of the traditions, as well as absurdly futile, on part of the amateur—destitute, moreover, of that knowledge of the ground and the way in which the curves of the hills deflect the scent of man to or from the deer which fear it so greatly—were he to attempt to take any of the main guidance of the stalk into his own hands. On the other hand, it is almost certain that the prevalent error of the professional stalker is to be a little too paternal, to give the gunner, who, after all, has to say the last word—out of his rifle muzzle—too little of a free hand. The best stalkers are those who will leave the amateur, if he be of such experience that he may be fairly trusted to pick out the right beast from those before him, to go in the last 30 yds. or 40 yds. by himself. One man has a far better chance of approaching without being seen than two, and, given his own time and the choice of his own movements, he is much more likely to make a good shot than when he has an excited Gael whispering little-understood instructions into his ear. The worst of all stalkers is he who gets the best place for himself and bids the gunner shoot from some position of hideous discomfort, or while he bids his disciple lie crouched so low that the deer are absolutely invisible, takes such liberties on his own behalf that they see him and are off.

Going from forest to forest, it is also remarkable to find what very different ideas different stalkers have as to what constitutes "a good chance" for the rifle. In some degree this is a difference which depends on the kind of ground over which their stalks have, as a rule, to be made. There are certain flat forests, speaking relatively, where it is very difficult to get at all near the deer. Often this is a country of peat hags.

In country of that kind the shot usually obtained is rather a long one, but the position of the shooter is generally as comfortable as it can be, the stag is generally broadside on (at the distance it is likely that none but the broadside shot would be attempted), and the shooter can take his time. On the other hand, where the ground is more precipitous and broken, the stalker can generally take the rifle nearer the deer, if it is possible to approach them at all, but the position for the shot is often one of extreme contortion. There is more

likelihood of the deer seeing the stalker, and the shot often has to be taken hurriedly. On forests of this broken character the stalker is far more disposed to encourage the rifle, especially if he knows him to be fairly expert, to attempt a difficult and may be a running shot. But besides those differences which are the natural and proper outcome of the varying circumstances, different stalkers, even in conditions which are identical, will offer the rifle shots at all kinds of distances and angles and designate each of them, without distinction, as "a good chance."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A BORN JUMPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with much interest the letter in which a correspondent describes the wonderful jumping powers of a filly foal, got by Ventriloquist out of a half-bred hunting mare. The foal in question certainly does show an unusual aptitude for jumping; but animals of the same age frequently do show a marked inclination to clear any obstacle in reason that may come in their way, especially when incited thereto by those of an older age. Much of the success of Irish-bred chasers is undoubtedly due to the habit they have of following their dams over banks, low walls and other obstacles from their earliest days; and it may be added that in recognition of this fact the late Baron Finot, who was for many years at the head of the list of winning owners of steeplechase horses in France, brought up his young stock to jump as part and parcel of their daily life. They would be turned out with their dams as usual; but instead of corn being brought to the mares in the paddock, they were accustomed to make their own way to a distant paddock at feeding times. On their way they had to clear tree trunks, a bank or two, scramble over or through ditches and other obstacles. The foals followed them as a matter of course, and soon got in the habit of measuring their distance and keeping on their legs. This system of education was continued only with bigger and different types of obstacles as the foals grew older, until they would come charging down over almost anything in their way to their feeding places, and it is needless to add that when at last they were handed over to the trainer's care, he had but to put the finishing touches on their jumping education. Thorough-bred foals will sometimes clear very stiff timber or fences apparently without an effort, and when they acquire the habit of doing so it becomes a matter of no little difficulty to keep them within bounds. I remember, only a year or two ago, a colt foal by Collar out of Murgis, bred by the late Sir Robert Dashwood, clearing a solid five-barred gate between the paddock and his stable in the most casual style, and a few days afterwards I heard that two other foals had followed his example. But all the same, there can, I think, have been very few foals with such wonderful jumping proclivities as those shown by the foal described by your correspondent, and it would be very interesting to know how she turns out later on. I forget how Ventriloquist was bred, but I seem to recollect him as a steeple-chaser, and if this be so the foal would evidently inherit jumping power from both sire and dam.—A BIT OF A BREKDER.

### GREEN ALMONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would be kind enough to tell me if the enclosed samples of green almonds from my garden are good to eat, and whether they are the ones so popular in France at dessert as green almonds? I am a very old subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE.—J.

[The almonds sent for examination appear to be the kind used for dessert, though the flavour is not yet quite fully developed. From the appearance of the fruit it is impossible to say whether they are bitter or sweet almonds but on tasting the difference in flavour is soon apparent. The fruits sent are not in the least bitter. Many of the almonds in cultivation produce edible fruit, though it is not usual for them to be put to any account. On several occasions, however, horticulturists have recommended the formation of almond orchards in the South of England on purpose for the fruits. The almond crops about London are usually greedily eaten by boys, and no bad results appear to occur. It is not, however, advisable to eat any with a bitter taste.—ED.]

### THE SLAVE-MAKING ANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see that from time to time you have notes in COUNTRY LIFE about the habits of *F. sanguinea*, our British slave-making ant. It may interest you to hear that I have had a nest of this species under occasional observation during this summer, and have been struck by the remarkably few slaves in it compared with two previous years. I presume this is to be in some way connected with the inclemency of the season, but do not exactly know how. It may be that the weather has not encouraged slave raids, or again, it may be that the raids have been made and that there are many of the slave pupae in the nest not yet developed. Very probably they would be late in consequence of the cold. The only species which this colony seems to

enslave is the largish black ant, that which has been called the shining black ant. I cannot see that they ever attempt to carry to their own nest the fully developed workers, only pupae and larvae. They leave the workers of the black ants dead or half dead. There are nests of the small yellow meadow ant close about them, but they do not seem to take any notice of these. People, when they begin to study ants, are always wanting a sign by which to distinguish the slave-maker from the very similar horse ant, which piles up the heaps of pine needles. The well-known distinctive mark of the cleft shield over the lip is only to be seen through a magnifier of greater power than I have ever found in a pocket lens. When you know the two species well you will find the slave-maker to be rather brighter in its red than the other; also that the horse ant is more defiant in its manner, throwing itself at once into a fighting pose if you advance your boot or a stick within a foot or less of it, while the slave-maker so treated tries to take cover under a leaf or something. There is a good deal of difference in the nests. The slave-maker does not pile up heaps of needles or twigs; moreover, if you disturb the horse ants' nest and put your nose down close to it, you will smell a very powerful scent of formic acid. The slave-makers, similarly ruffled, give off no such odour, or at least nothing like as strong. Very likely these interesting slave-making ants are not nearly as rare as we think, but it is probable that they often go unnoticed because they are taken for the common horse ant (*F. rufa*).—H. G. H.

### THE OUTSIDE CAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wanted to help the "sort of outside cat" and the kitten of which she "suddenly seemed to get tired" the moment I read your correspondent "M. A. M.'s" letter in COUNTRY LIFE of July 31st. Of course, there are cats, as there are women, to whom family cares are abhorrent; but in the cat's case I think there is nearly always a quite normal and "unvicious" reason for the desertion. A young cat will sometimes decline to bring up its first kittens from lack of sustenance to give them. But many cats—though the species is not gregarious—desire human notice and care at these times for themselves and their offspring. I knew a mother-cat in London who was a "sort of outside cat," and she always brought her surviving infants to the care of our cook, who fed and cared for both. The cat would not mother the kitten "outside"—she did not consider it safe. I should suggest giving the cat a snug, safe bed indoors in a subdued light and quiet place (say, an open cupboard), feed her at regular hours thrice daily, and give her moderate occasional doses of what we all like—notice. Probably she knows of no safe crèche "outside" where she can leave her babe when necessary.—G. M. J.

### SKYE TERRIERS (SHORT-COATED.)

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Four numbers of COUNTRY LIFE, of July 17th, 24th, 31st and August 14th, have just been received by me containing references to the old-fashioned short-haired Skye terriers. The letter from Mr. Richard

Barter, Queenstown, regarding these terriers is most interesting to me, as my late uncle, Captain Macdonald of Watnish, when quartered at Cork in 1856 and 1857, had some of his terriers there, and left some there when he retired from the Service in October, 1857. He used to hunt otters with them along the coast. A Dr. Parker of Cork got some terriers from the Watnish kennels in 1857 and 1871 through Captain Macquarie. In one of his letters from Cork, June, 1857, Captain Macquarie says "Sperrack is quite well and never leaves Miss Goodwin." This was a grey prick-eared Skye terrier bitch (short-coated) that had been to Tasmania and Australia with my uncle from 1849 to 1855. A son of hers, called Saighdear, was given to Mrs. Nunn at Hobarton in 1851. Lady Aberdeen's letter is also very interesting, as her father's terriers were got from the Watnish kennels in the eighties as appears from two letters I have—one from Lord Tweedmouth himself. I enclose a photograph of my terriers taken recently by Major A. Playfair.—A. R. MACDONALD.

### ENGLISH OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is not because English oak has lost its qualities that its use is out of date, but simply for the reason, as you say, that "the craftsmen of old



TERRIERS AT WATNISH.



seasoned their wood well." When, many years ago, the late Mr. Longman was building his house at Farnborough, now the residence of the ex-Empress of the French, he told me that, owing to the modern system of stripping the bark immediately on the felling and not always deferring felling until the sap was well down, English oak could not stand exposure; hence this fine

example of a half-timbered house had to be built of teak. At this period of building, some forty years ago, bark had a value which, I understand, it does not possess at present; so let us hope that our English oak may yet have a future before it.—TAN.

#### LARGE PUFFBALL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have been much struck by noticing the extraordinary size of the common "fuzz-ball" this season. I enclose a photograph of one gathered by my son the other day, in case you may think it worthy of publication.—A. H. ROBINSON.

#### THE SMALLEST HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Could the contributor of the interesting photographs of the very small horse in COUNTRY LIFE kindly furnish particulars as to age, colour and exact height. I do not think it is the smallest "drivable," as "Tiny Mite," the smallest horse in the world, stands only 17in., colour black, long mane and tail, four years old, very quiet, rides and drives," was advertised in one of the weekly papers to be sold on May 12th of the present year at Aldridge's; and

I noticed afterwards in the daily paper that it was sold for 230 guineas to the proprietor of one of the well-known circuses—Ginnett's, if I remember right. The pony depicted in COUNTRY LIFE is astonishingly small, but 17in. seems even more incredible when one remembers it is only the height of a fox-terrier; and a photograph of Tiny Mite, showing the size would be most interesting. A four year old pony and a fox-terrier of the same size somehow seem to be outside the limits of belief. What, on the other hand, is the height of the biggest horse on authentic record? I have a note of a thorough-bred 18h. 2in., but other breeds must exceed this, as 17h. is almost a normal height for a Shire horse—a height, one may remark, just four times that of Tiny Mite, a truly astonishing difference in such a large animal as the horse.—L. H. O. JONES.

#### DEAD BUMBLE-BEES UNDER LIMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There was some correspondence in your paper last year about the effect of lime tree blossom on bees. I have a large double-flowering weeping lime on my lawn now in full bloom, the scent from which is overpowering. I send you in a box a few of the hundreds of bees which lie dead beneath it. You will notice that these are all bumble-bees, and that they are chiefly shells. It would be interesting to know the cause of the death of these bees. The ordinary honey-bee does not seem to be attracted by this flower; at all events, I find none of them among the corpses of the bumble-bees.—W.

[We are indebted to Mr. E. D. Till, to whom the above letter was sent, for the following interesting note. "I am unable to answer the question from my own personal experience of any similar mortality among bees in my own garden, where there are the ordinary flowering limes. I should certainly have noticed had there been any dead bees. What I have observed this year was the very unusual circumstance that the lime blossom, although abundant, was, for some reason or other, almost entirely neglected by the bees. I recollect being told some few years since that dead and dying bumble-bees were discovered under *Tilia petiolaris*; the bees were seen, I was informed, to fall from the blossom as though paralysed. I have myself seen bumble-bees stupefied—probably intoxicated—on the bloom of the cultivated (garden) scabious, and they are also found stupefied on thistle bloom. The late-flowering lime (*Tilia petiolaris*) has been favoured because it extends the South of England honey harvest by probably a fortnight after the gathering from the ordinary lime is over. Where there is no heather the honey harvest is closed when the common lime (*Tilia europaea*) blossom is over. When the introduction of *Tilia petiolaris* was being advocated strongly ten or fifteen years ago by bee-keepers, I do not remember any adverse opinion owing to supposed toxic effect of the blossom. Is it possible that the bees have been overcome by some property in the nectar of the lime; and, not recovering before sundown, a low night temperature may have proved fatal? Hive bees would not survive a night's exposure if the thermometer were low. Another conjecture, though not very probable, is that birds may have mutilated the bumble-bees. I see most of the specimens sent are headless."—ED.]

#### MALE LION CARRYING OFF CUB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In an interesting letter from a sporting friend of mine in British East Africa there is a description of a lion-hunt with a curious incident in it which may be of interest. Having located a lioness in a patch of thick forest, beaters were sent round, and, presently, out came a beast, which my friend promptly knocked over. He then saw it was a lion cub. The lioness next appeared, and was killed after some trouble in following her up. On going to the place where the cub fell it was not to be found, but a pronounced blood-track took the party some way through the forest. The

tracker presently pointed out that the blood splashes on the foliage were at a considerable height from the ground, and the spoor, on examination, was found to be that of a big lion. The explanation appears to be that a lion carried off the cub, and the question arises whether it was the father of the cub protecting it or a lion with cannibal instincts, an occurrence of no great rarity. Perhaps some of your correspondents could give their views on the subject.—F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.

#### HEADS AT OLYMPIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to Captain Radclyffe's letter in your issue of August 14th, I have the measurements (owner's) of an Alaskan bear's skull (*Ursus dalli* gyas), which are as follows: Length, 18½in.; breadth, 10½in. I am sorry I have not the weight.—H. F. WALLACE.

#### THE TRAFFIC IN GEESE FROM IRELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me space in your columns wherein to draw attention to the barbarous treatment meted out to live geese in transshipment from Ireland to England. I have just returned from a visit to County Donegal, where, in common with other parts of the North of Ireland, large numbers of geese are reared by the fisher-folk and sold to dealers. By these men the birds are collected and driven, in large herds, along the country roads, finally reaching Londonderry. Here they are packed in crates something under 5ft. high, and each containing five floors! Into these crevices, for they are little better, the wretched birds are thrust, so that movement is impossible. They are then placed on board the steamer. Before we were anything like halfway down Lough Foyle these birds began to exhibit the most pitiable signs of distress, those near the bars thrusting out head and neck and panting for breath. Many were salivating, and in not a few the head and neck hung limp, with eyes closed. The men in charge, seeing this, at once set to work to tear down the bars and remove some of the occupants from each compartment, using the while the most brutal roughness, at which I strongly protested and promised to lay the matter before the proper authorities in London, which I have done. One of the officers of the ship, sailing between Derry and Heysham, described the traffic to me as "devilish," and said that though it had been going on for years, no one had yet raised any voice of protest! Men are appointed, he told me, to watch for cases of cruelty to cattle by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Yet they do nothing. They bestir themselves occasionally, it would seem, to secure a case for the purpose of justifying their existence; but they practically do nothing, and never, at any time, have attempted to interfere with this barbarous method of shipping geese. Surely this is a disgraceful state of affairs and demands instant action!—W. P. PYCRAFT.

#### TRAPPING SPARROWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am in need of an effective trap for catching sparrows. Some years back I had one, the best I have seen, made of basket-work, on the principle of a lobster-pot and about twice the size. If any of your readers could assist me by letting me know where these traps can now be obtained I should be grateful.—DUDLEY OWEN.

#### HARDY SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am sending you this photograph, as I think it may be of interest to your readers. The swallow built this nest above a door, and on the door being accidentally slammed the nest with five young ones fell to the ground. I put them all into an old saucepan on my window-sill, where they remained till fledged, the parent birds coming and feeding them without any fear.—B. M. DUDGON.

#### A PLAGUE OF STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can anyone tell me of some means of driving away starlings from a plantation? During the past two winters, my wood close by here has been infested by myriads of them. They come every evening about sunset, and fly away in the morning about sunrise. This goes on from about November to April, and they are a terrible nuisance.—SCIPIO.

[The only plan that we have heard of that answers at all is to fly a big kite, or more than one, every evening on which there is sufficient wind, over the trees on which the starlings roost. We should not like to promise



A GOOD ARMFUL.



THE SWALLOWS' SECOND HOME.





WILD GOATS ON CHEVIOT.

success, but it is a plan which is said to have succeeded in frightening the birds away, and it is reasonable to think it might.—Ed.]

#### STRANGE ACCIDENT TO A BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know whether you would care to publish the enclosed photograph in *COUNTRY LIFE*. It represents a blackbird (alive) caught in a mountain-ash tree. I found it in my garden and saw that it was a prisoner, but could not make out how it was caught. My boy went up the tree and broke off the branch, and we then found that it was caught by a piece of thread wound round its leg and round the branch of the tree. You can see it in the photograph. I can only surmise that the bird had been somewhere among currant or other bushes where thread had been used as a protection and had become entangled in it; had been able to break away with the thread attached, which proved its undoing in the ash tree. The bird was none the worse for its adventure, including the being photographed, though; it refused to pose as I could have wished.—REGINALD J. HARRIS.



BLACKBIRD ENTANGLED BY THREAD IN BRANCH OF A ROWAN TREE

#### WARTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent's enquiry as to the means of removing warts from a Yorkshire terrier, I can give my experience in removing them from a gelding, rising four years. The warts were on the head and sheath, and a large one under the barrel with a narrow neck at the union with the body. I applied glacial acetic acid with a camel-hair brush twice a day, and in a week the warts were gone. The application causes no irritation, unless the surface is broken, and soon dries. I have not tried it with dogs.—C. S. WATSON.

[The usual method of ridding a dog of warts is by excision with a knife or scissors, or by applying a ligature where the growth is attached by a narrow neck. The suggestion of our correspondent is, however, worth a trial, as the remedy is very simple.—Ed.]

#### YOUNG IBEX IN KASHMIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of two young ibex taken in the garden of the British Residency at Leh, the chief town of Ladak, a tract of country belonging to Kashmir, and lying between Kashmir proper and Tibet. These two young ibex, whose home is on the mountains at an altitude of 16,000ft. or 17,000ft., had somehow got mixed up with a flock of goats, and had been brought into Leh by the goatherd to show to the British Joint Commissioner. However, they appeared very unhappy and homesick, so, after being photographed and liberally entertained to lunch by a hospitable nanny-goat, they were returned to their native district.—G. W. H.



IBEX KIDS IN CAPTIVITY.

#### THE WILD GOATS OF CHEVIOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the photograph I enclose of the wild goats of Cheviot, this may prove of interest to your readers, as, so far as I am aware, these goats have not previously been photographed. They are some of the Cauldurn herd, an interesting account of which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* in May of last year. Owing to their shyness in facing the camera, a nearer view could not be obtained; but the picture gives a good idea of the rough hillside which they usually frequent. The herd this year consists of twenty-two, not counting the old goat that still leads a solitary life among the rocks of the Eizzle, and was seen by me.—H. W. BURNUP.

#### THE STORY OF A HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An interesting story is told in the country beyond the Tweed regarding a series of "deals" over a horse. The horse in question is a famous Clydesdale yearling, which has been gaining many honours in North Country showyards. Horse-breeders will know that his blood is of the bluest when I say that his sire was the Baron's Pride horse Everlasting. In the autumn of last year a Mr. Fleming—a noted breeder of Clydesdales—saw the foal and at once recognised that he was of more than ordinary merit. He had to give £200 for the animal, but he paid it cheerfully, brought him home, and turned him into a field along with others with the intention of keeping him all to himself and giving his neighbours a surprise in due time. But, in the course of a few weeks, two friends, in the same line of business as himself and with eyes in their heads, paid Mr. Fleming a visit, for the purpose of seeing some other horses he had for sale. They saw the horses they came to look at; but they also saw the colt and were at once consumed with a desire to have him.

Overtures were made to Mr. Fleming by one of the visitors, but he—good man—was not "on," and raised as many objections as he could. The would-be purchaser, however, was insistent, and eventually a bargain was struck and the colt was handed over for a consideration of £400. In due course he was brought out at the spring shows, and there he caught the eye of the

owners of Baron's Pride and Everlasting, who felt that they could not be happy until he had changed hands again. And change hands he did—this time at £1,000, which was willingly and promptly paid. He was only a yearling, but he had quality, and no doubt he will pay his present owners just as well as he paid his breeder and the "middle" man. It is true that thousand-pound yearlings are not as plentiful as blackberries; but what has been once done can be done again, and therein is encouragement for all who are aiming at producing the best.—J. C.